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## THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

IT will be with sincere pleasure that the country will learn that the inevitable absence of the QUEEN from the opening of Parliament is to be repaired by her coming in person to receive the Address, and thus to show how cordial are the relations which she wishes to establish between herself and the Reformed Parliament. There was nothing in the Speech, which but for illness she would have read, to replace the interest which her presence would have afforded. Still the Speech had the merit of being sensible and inoffensive. The utmost caution was evidently bestowed so that its contents should provoke as little adverse comment as possible. That the Irish Church would furnish the main business of the Session, and that the Government would bring forward a sufficient amount of other work to employ the House of Commons, was quite obvious before the QUEEN'S Speech was read. The only interest lay in knowing what the other measures would be to which the attention of Parliament would be directed. The choice that has been made is judicious. The subjects that are to be dealt with are all of real importance, and all need early consideration, while on none of them is there likely to be a regular party contest. One such subject as the Irish Church will give ample room for impassioned debates, invectives, sarcasms, appeals to high principles, and coarse personalities. The rest of the Session may be usefully devoted to practical legislation. Rating, Scotch education, English endowed schools, county financial boards, and bankruptcy, are dull, respectable subjects on which much useful labour may be employed, and on which a hardworking House of Commons may hope before August to pass practical and adequate measures. It will be creditable to the Government, and still more creditable to Parliament, if so much is done; and to have attempted more would have been utterly useless. The wide field of controversy, theological strife, and social jealousies which must be opened whenever the subject of the primary education of the English poor is taken up in earnest, made it out of the question that the Government should attempt to deal with it in a Session which is to be mainly occupied with the settlement of the Irish Church. Then the Estimates are to be framed on principles of strict economy, while the efficiency of the Services is maintained; and Estimates so framed will probably take some time to discuss. Real economies cannot be effected to any great extent by mere vigilance and retrenchment. If a few pounds are saved here and there, some good has been effected; but it is a good which will not make any very great difference to the nation, and it will be inevitably compensated by a proportionate amount of evil hereafter. The next time the Conservatives come in they will gratify their followers, and consult the traditions of their party, by a little general extravagance all round. The present Ministry are quite right to set a good example even in small things, and Mr. Lowe's scruples about letting our officials always use a new pen whenever they write are to be justified by the consideration that cheeseparing is sometimes a proper infliction on those who are spending other people's money. But nothing serious will be done in the way of retrenchment unless new principles are laid down on which our expenditure is to be based. If, by a reorganization of the army and navy, we can get as good an article as we now have for a less price, those who show us how it is to be done will be national benefactors, and will establish a system from which their successors will not find it easy to depart. But anything like even the first beginning of reorganizing the army and navy will provoke much opposition and much discussion of a bitter and personal kind. This will take up a good deal of time, and when we add the consideration of Estimates, framed on new principles, to the five subjects selected by the Government, to the proposed inquiry into the conduct of elections, and to the great subject of the Irish Church, it must be con-

fessed that a good six months' work seems cut out for the enthusiasts who have lately borne and spent so much in order to have the delight and honour of doing it.

The passage in which the intentions of the Government with regard to the Irish Church are shadowed forth must have cost the most trouble to prepare, and the successful result has been attained of putting at least a dozen lines together from which nothing whatever can be learnt, and yet which do not seem utterly contemptible. This is a considerable feat in the way of Queen's Speech composition. Possibly it may not seem quite beyond all criticism to speak of promoting religion by doing equal justice to all, as that is, in fact, begging the question that Ireland is henceforth to be governed on the Liberal principle of equality among the sects, and not on the principle of Protestant ascendancy. But, with this one exception, every phrase used might have come from Mr. DISRAELI. There shines through all that is said in the QUEEN'S Speech on Ireland the desire to do what has to be done in as gentle and palatable a manner as possible. If the thing to be done is strong, the way of doing it will be mild. This mode of approaching the great question of the Session harmonizes with the feelings both of the country and of the House. The hope of keeping up the Established Church in Ireland has died away so entirely, that no one is sore or nervous or anxious about it any longer. A good-humoured apathy was the state of mind in which the Opposition listened to the production of their rivals. The Conservative journals pronounce this to be the hush before the tornado; but the tornado would seem not quite decided whether it will blow or not. Mr. DISRAELI confessed that the Ministry had escaped making some blunders which he thought he might have relied upon their making. The Bill is to be brought in early in the Session; it is to be a measure whole in itself, and not broken up into fragments, and ample opportunity is to be given to Parliament to pass a comprehensive measure this year. Hints had been given that Mr. GLADSTONE would devise some plan of breaking his Irish Church Bill into two halves, and that preparations were already being made beforehand for carrying on the task of dealing with the Irish Church into another Session. Both these errors have been avoided, and in a few days it will be known what is the whole policy of the Government on this head, and how it proposes to carry it out. Very fortunately the QUEEN was able to announce that things are now quiet enough in Ireland to admit of the law resuming its ordinary course, and the Habeas Corpus Act need be no longer suspended. That there is no prospect of England having to use her military power with the one hand while she tries to bribe the Irish into friendliness by destroying the Established Church with the other, is very much to be rejoiced at. The Opposition will naturally say that the present state of tranquillity in Ireland is owing to the wise and salutary measures of repression and precaution they took while in office. The Government will say, equally naturally, that even the promise of just and fair treatment has already brought about a better state of things. Probably both causes have worked together. Fenianism has burned itself out for the present, because its chances were altogether hopeless, and the Irish, just as they were beginning to yield to stern necessity, were conciliated and pacified by the persuasion that England was going to set to work in earnest to redress the grievances of which they think they have to complain.

The Government is enabled to pronounce that the relations of England with all foreign Powers are eminently satisfactory. Peace prevails everywhere within the limits of the British horizon. In New Zealand certain disturbances have taken place of a rather unpleasant kind. But, in the first place, we may hope that they are transitory, and we know they are local; and in the next place, we are prepared to let the entire burden of putting things straight again fall upon the colony. The portion of the QUEEN'S Speech in which the English

inhabitants of New Zealand are distinctly warned that they must expect no help from England in crushing the outbreak that has threatened their repose has commanded general approval here. Such a sign of the times is not to be neglected; and colonists should take notice that the natural sorrow which their sufferings awaken here is in some degree counterbalanced by the satisfaction with which the opportunity has been seized of enforcing the lesson that England will not bear a burden that ought properly to fall on persons perfectly capable of bearing it. It is also satisfactory to know that no apprehension need be felt lest the quarrel between Greece and Turkey should lead to a general war. The Conference has been successful, and if Mr. DISRAELI is right in suggesting that a Conference which merely laid down general propositions of international law scarcely justified its own existence, yet it is something to find that for once a Conference has not been wholly unsuccessful. It appears that the idea of a Conference originated with Prussia, and the Emperor of the FRENCH may feel some natural regret at discovering that one of the very few Conferences that have not proved utterly abortive has not owed its origin to him. It is a very good thing that he can console himself by thinking that this moderately successful Conference was held at Paris, and that a French diplomatist was selected as the bearer of the message which the Conference had to send to Greece. It would be interesting to know where the functions of Conferences are supposed to stop, and whether it would be possible to refer to a Conference the delicate question now agitating France, whether Belgium ought, even against its will, to be made, by the pressure which a Conference can exercise, to permit the amalgamation of a French with a Belgian railway. The tone adopted in speaking of Greece was not, however, sustained when the framers of the QUEEN'S Speech passed to notice the recent negotiations between America and this country. All that could be done was to express a vague hope that these negotiations might not prove utterly abortive. We now know that this hope is not to be realized. The Senate has declined to ratify the Convention; and we must comfort ourselves with the thought that we did our best to bring about an amicable settlement, and that, in the dissatisfaction with which the Convention has been received in America, we may see a proof that we were not completely outwitted in agreeing to accept its provisions.

#### GREECE AND TURKEY.

THE Paris Conference has happily held its last meeting for the formal purpose of recording the acquiescence of Greece in its decision. Sanguine and philanthropic statesmen persuade themselves that a precedent has been established of international arbitration as a substitute for war. Less enthusiastic disciples of optimism may perhaps attribute the final submission of the Greeks rather to the imminent danger of collision with a superior force than to the courteous suggestions of the Conference. To induce the Great Powers to meet in council on the transparent merits of a one-sided quarrel was in itself a kind of triumph; and from the moment at which it was arranged that the Conference should be held, Greece was practically safe from an attack on the part of Turkey. If the fear of detaching Russia from the general concert had not inspired the absurdly deferential language of the Protocol, the Greek Government would scarcely have presumed to keep all Europe waiting for a fortnight or three weeks, before it formally welcomed the opportunity of escaping from an untenable position. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, King GEORGE has had a share in accomplishing the inevitable result. The Greek Constitution reserves to the Sovereign a real though undefined freedom of action, which an able and experienced Prince might employ to the great advantage of his country. On the present occasion the KING has probably confined his efforts to the acceptance of the resignations of his former Ministers, and to the appointment of their successors. The partisans of war will claim a reputation for patriotic self-denial in sacrificing office to their convictions; but, when the average duration of a Cabinet is five or six months, the popular imagination will not be deeply impressed by a change of Cabinet. The KING has had the courage to disregard the imaginary danger of a public indignation which was probably only felt by the writers in Ministerial newspapers. Even the idlers of Athens must have been fully aware that the pretended demand of war must subside if at any time it appeared likely to be granted. There was no money; there were no troops; the enemy had a considerable army on the frontier; and since the pacification of Crete there was nothing

to fight for. The crisis was certain to yield, like the pugnacity of VIRGIL'S bees, to the application of a little dust; and the late Ministers had the satisfaction of persuading the European Powers that it was necessary to employ the remedy by handfuls.

Arbitration is undoubtedly often useful between nations, sometimes in the solution of doubtful questions, and more often as a mode of reconciling concession with honour and self-respect. In the recent dispute Greece was so clearly in the wrong that the judicial functions of the Conference were left almost entirely in abeyance. In taking the Turkish ultimatum for a basis of discussion, the Plenipotentiaries implied that the only question was whether the terms imposed on Greece involved any unnecessary humiliation. It would hardly have been worth while to enter on so trivial an inquiry, but for the supposed expediency of soothing the susceptibilities of Russia. The affronts offered to Turkey proceeded from a confidence, authorized or assumed, in the aid of a powerful patron, who ultimately declined to acknowledge or fulfil a burdensome engagement. At the last moment the Russian Government would have maintained the cause of Greece if the Emperor of the FRENCH could have been persuaded to modify his Eastern policy, in the hope of securing a Russian alliance against Germany. The failure of the intrigue or negotiation rendered it necessary to postpone the attack upon Turkey, which Russia will never undertake until the complicity of some other Great Power is assured. As peace was to be preserved for the present, it only remained to protect Greece as far as possible from the consequences of premature and ineffective turbulence. The other members of the Conference were, like prudent ecclesiastics in a Synod, more anxious for harmony than for sound doctrine; and the articles of the Protocol were accordingly adopted, not because they were orthodox, but as the only confession of faith which all parties were ready to sign. It is now affirmed on the highest authority that acts of almost open hostility are not consistent with the duties prescribed by international law. As the proposition was formally communicated to the Greeks, it must be supposed to concern them; but they may reasonably infer that their self-appointed advisers are not deeply impressed with the guilt of the irregularities which they mildly censure. It would have been impossible to intimate more gently or more indirectly that, on the whole, they must either conform for the present to the ordinary rules of good neighbourhood, or take the consequences in the form of a declaration of war by Turkey. The certainty that no foreign Power would interfere to protect them would have elicited the same answer to the Turkish ultimatum which has now been returned to the Paris Conference. If the armaments of the Porte had not been in the background of the negotiations, the commonplaces of the Protocol would have produced little practical effect.

The Turks are not in the habit of citing Latin maxims, but they have shown their thorough apprehension of the doctrine that preparation for war is the best security for peace. While the Greeks have, after many ceremonious flourishes, been compelled to discontinue their hostile menaces, other troublesome neighbours have profited by an opportune warning. The Roumanian Ministry, which was occupied in fomenting rebellion beyond the Danube, has been forced to resign; nor have the Servians or Montenegrins ventured to attack an enemy well prepared for resistance. The equipment and increase of the army and navy have undoubtedly been costly; but the soundest economy for a country in the condition of Turkey is to spend whatever may be indispensable to the preservation of independence. Perpetual threats of internal disturbance and of foreign invasion are fertile sources of expense; and no armament can be superfluous which serves the purpose of intimidating hostile neighbours. It is unfortunately true that the weakness of Turkey arises in great part from misgovernment, which might be corrected without military preparations; but, when Greece neglects internal improvement for dreams of external aggrandizement, it is unreasonable to blame the Turks very severely for a similar mistake. The Greeks have, by their recent proceedings, done their cause the questionable service of confirming the Turkish supremacy in Crete, and of diminishing the hopes of malcontents throughout the Empire. The warmest supporters of their pretensions must allow that unsuccessful attempts at aggrandizement are not to be encouraged. Public opinion in Europe, and even in America, has been more visibly alienated from the Greek cause within the last few months than at any former time. In the long run, ingenious and versatile Christians will be preferred to obstinate Mahometans; but they are bound to justify the predilections of their admirers by political sagacity, if not by moral supe-



riority. In mere diplomatic strategy, since the inchoate rupture with Turkey, the Greek Ministers have displayed a certain adroitness; but all the substantial benefit of the transaction has been realized by their adversary.

The motives of the agitation which has caused so much general anxiety were probably not of the highest order. Mr. BULGARE, who had previously professed a pacific and legal policy, found that his Government was labouring under the chronic inconvenience of financial embarrassment. As it was equally difficult to raise new taxes or to borrow money from incredulous capitalists, retrenchment might, to an ordinary Minister, have appeared the only remaining resource. The Greek CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER preferred the opposite plan of incurring unlimited expense, by forcing on the commencement of a war which foreign Governments would almost certainly prohibit before the commencement of actual hostilities. The people, who had apparently never desired a rupture with Turkey, were assured that their warlike enthusiasm was irresistible, and official journalists broadly hinted that the throne itself might be in danger if any impediment was offered to the supposed outburst of patriotic zeal. The Turkish Government was driven, by deliberate affronts and repeated injuries, to break off diplomatic relations; and the Greek Ministers, relying on the eventual support of Russia, and on the toleration of Europe, answered a temperate exposition of intolerable grievances by an insulting despatch. In the very crisis of the dispute, it was remarkable that no visible preparation was made for war, except in the form of some anomalous financial operations. The Deputies convoked in an extraordinary Session voted themselves a considerable sum in direct violation of the law; and they conferred on the Ministers unlimited power to raise money by any method which they might think advisable. Extreme resolutions of the kind may sometimes be justified by the necessity of preparing sudden armaments; but it seems never to have occurred to the Government or to the Assembly that it was expedient to provide troops, ships, or munitions of war. The great idea which inspired the Minister for the moment was not to crown the King of GREECE in St. Sophia, but to lay his hands on the specie of the National Bank of Athens. When the treasure was in the hands of the Government, and when an inconvertible paper currency was substituted for silver, it became expedient to listen to diplomatic counsels, although a show of pugnacity was still maintained. It may be hoped that the new Cabinet is somewhat more respectable; but if any serious attempt is made to protect property or to promote general prosperity, the character and traditions of Greek administration must have fundamentally changed. The country will not be richer or happier because its temporary rulers have contrived, after exciting general alarm in Europe, to escape from the consequences of their violence and imprudence by the connivance of one or more of the Great Powers.

#### THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

**L**ORD CAIRNS and Mr. DISRAELI, in the debate on the Address, showed sound judgment in postponing the discussion on the Irish Church. As they both candidly admitted, the Government is pledged, by the circumstances of its accession to office, to propose a measure for carrying into effect the Resolutions of the last Session. The Opposition, on the other hand, is at liberty to object both to the principle and to the details of the Bill; but it may easily be foreseen that the provisions of any scheme which may have been devised will be more open to damaging criticism than a policy which the House of Commons has virtually accepted. There is some reason to suppose that but faint resistance to the measure will be offered in either House, although the Peers may perhaps attempt to modify some of its provisions. None of the speakers deviated from a prudent reserve, with the exception of the seconder of the Address in the House of Lords, who unnecessarily expressed his own personal objection to all religious establishments. If Lord MONCK's opinion had possessed any political importance, it would have furnished an argument to the opponents of the Ministerial proposal; for the prevalent Erastianism of English laymen is only reconciled to the separation of Church and State in Ireland by the anomalous condition of the Protestant Establishment. An abuse is most effectually defended when it can be closely connected with some useful or popular institution. Lord MONCK ought to have learned by long practical experience that an assailant ought, if possible, to isolate the object of his attack, instead of provoking superfluous antagonism. A mover or seconder of an Address happily involves the Minister who

selects him in no direct responsibility for his opinions; but Lord MONCK's imprudent declaration will be quoted by advocates of the Irish Church as an official announcement of hostility to Established Churches in general. Mr. HENRY COWPER, who made a speech of considerable promise, may perhaps be charged with unseasonable modesty on account of his confession that the Liberal party had learned its present opinions from Mr. GLADSTONE. The occasion for adopting a definite policy must often be chosen by a political leader, but it is the business of his followers to assume that they had long cherished the conviction which only awaited an opportunity of utterance. The House of Commons probably welcomed with satisfaction the interval which was allowed to elapse before the threadbare subject of the Irish Church is once more submitted to discussion. Within two or three months they have all been forced to make speeches for or against it, and they have heard or read the prolix debates of the last Session. It is the fashion to assert, with Lord CAIRNS and Mr. DISRAELI, that great advantages result from the omission of all disputable questions in the Address. If the late Government had met Parliament, an amendment to the Address would have decided the fate of parties. It would have been idle to move an amendment on Tuesday last; not that there would have been any difficulty in finding grounds of dissent, but because the Opposition would have been hopelessly beaten.

The paragraph in the Speech which refers to the law of rating must have been more than ordinarily distasteful to Mr. DISRAELI. The only semblance of a principle which survived the complete transformation of his Reform Bill consisted in that personal payment of rates which could only be accomplished by the annihilation of the compound householder. The House of Commons was perhaps more to blame than the embarrassed Minister for its indolent readiness to escape a political difficulty at the expense of a social and economical convenience. In spite of the sanguine theories of financial reformers, poor people cannot or will not pay direct taxes either to the Imperial or to the parochial collector. The overseers had long since found it worth while to allow the landlords of small tenements a discount for taking the rates upon themselves, and numerous Acts of Parliament had legalized the practice. The occupiers who have been summoned for non-payment of rates, the parish officers who have obtained distress warrants, and all other parties concerned, except the landlords who have kept up their rents and put the amount of the previous deduction into their pockets, may justly complain of the hasty vote which has cost them so much trouble and loss; nor was Mr. DISRAELI himself forward to protest against the reversal of thoughtless legislation. Indeed the courtesy and moderation of his entire speech suggested an invidious suspicion that he meditated some unusually violent and unscrupulous attack on the Government. Mr. GLADSTONE, himself the chief patron of the persecuted compound householder, generously promised to redress the existing evil with all possible consideration for the feelings of his adversaries. There is no reason why the house-owner should not be allowed to pay the rate on behalf of the tenant, with or without deduction. If all parties agree in the wish to escape from a renewal of the discussion, a few ambiguous phrases will remove all ground of quarrel. Mr. GLADSTONE has only to assert, and Mr. DISRAELI to persuade himself and his party to admit, that rates are personally paid when they are paid in whole or in part by any person. His avoidance of any discussion of the question in the debate on the Address perhaps indicates a determination to maintain a watchful and non-aggressive attitude. As it was necessary to find some fault with the Government, Mr. DISRAELI selected the most harmless ground of attack in his complaint that the Crown had violated either the Constitution or Parliamentary precedent by recommending the House of Commons to appoint a Select Committee. According to the law of tournaments, as laid down in *Ivanhoe*, a knight was adjudged to have been defeated if he lost a stirrup, while his more fortunate opponent retained all his trappings. It appears that there is, in fact, no precedent for the proposal in a Queen's Speech of a Parliamentary inquiry, and the leaders of the Opposition are entitled to the triumph of hitting the blot. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, argued with some force, that it is the duty of the QUEEN, or rather of her advisers, to notice in the Speech from the throne all the important measures which are to be laid before Parliament. The conduct of elections is so peculiarly within the province of the House of Commons that a Royal Commission of Inquiry would have been evidently inappropriate. If the Government moves for a Committee on the subject, the possible consequences may be sufficiently considerable to justify a formal intimation of the Ministerial

intentions. Mr. COWPER evidently interprets the announcement as a preparation for the introduction of the ballot; nor can it be doubted that the scheme will be proposed in the Committee. Mr. MUNDELLA was the only speaker who remarked that one of the most important parts of the proposed inquiry referred to municipal elections. He added that the bribery practised on such occasions was more extensive than at Parliamentary elections, but the scandal is partially explained by the earlier institution of household suffrage as the municipal franchise. There will be less difference of opinion on the expediency of abolishing nominations and hustings speeches, especially as all other public meetings for the purpose of discussion have long since become obsolete.

It was impossible to say much in the debate or conversation about the Paris Convention, or about the treaty which has perhaps ceased to please Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON since the Committee of the Senate has almost unanimously refused to ratify it. It will not be worth the while of Parliament to discuss the terms of an abortive arrangement; but it would be well to express the general opinion that Lord CLARENDON has gone to the extreme limit of admissible or excusable concession. Mr. GLADSTONE performed with facile fluency the duty of representing both transactions as creditable to all parties concerned. The Conference, which neither pledged its members to act on its conclusions, nor put any pressure on the wrongdoers whom it censured, has, it seems, furnished an admirable precedent of arbitration as an alternative of war. Mr. GLADSTONE's opinions on the merits of the quarrel are not to be collected from his language, except that he found something to admire in the conduct of the young King of Greece, who sanctioned the outrageous policy of his late Ministers, and the more judicious resipiscence of his present advisers. It may be collected that the Government had no expectation that the *Alabama* Treaty will be ratified. Even Mr. COWPER, who perhaps went out of his way to justify the pugnacity of the Americans, remarked with justice that England, after making every possible concession, is no longer responsible for the continuance of the quarrel. The debate was necessarily uninteresting, because it suited the convenience of the Opposition to adjourn any attack upon the Government. For once the speeches of the respective movers and seconders were fuller of matter than the more authoritative statements of the party leaders. Perhaps the best part of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was his judicious apology for the postponement to a future Session of measures which, however urgent, would in all probability not have been passed.

#### BELGIUM AND THE FRENCH OFFICIAL PRESS.

THAT a man may do what he will with his own evidently counts for an exploded fallacy in Government circles in France. The Belgian Chamber of Deputies has lately fallen under the high displeasure of the semi-official journals of Paris for daring to act on this antiquated theory. A Bill has actually been passed, by a large majority, prohibiting the sale or lease of Belgian railways without the consent of the Belgian Government. If this prohibition is violated, the offending line will be taken possession of by the State, and worked for the benefit of the shareholders. If the Company denies that the alleged sale or lease has taken place, it may appeal to a court of law, and, if it proves its case, it will receive an indemnity during such time as the line remains in the hands of the Government. It is possible that the Bill might have passed without notice if it had not been for the speech delivered by the MINISTER OF FINANCE in support of it, and for a passage in the Report of the Committee by which it was recommended to the Chamber. Some of the opponents of the measure in Belgium maintain that its real object is not identical with its professed object. What the Government wants to do, they say, is to prevent any combination of railways in Belgium itself which might prove injurious to the State lines. If this purpose had been avowed, the Bill might never have become law; but the circumstance that the Eastern of France Company had lately been negotiating for the purchase of the Great Luxembourg Railway from Arlon to Brussels enabled M. FREE to make a telling appeal to Belgian patriotism. He justified the prohibition on the plea that it was necessary to prevent Belgian railways from passing into the hands of foreign Companies, although as a matter of fact the cession of the Great Luxembourg line had actually been annulled by the Belgian Government before the introduction of this measure. Except in Belgium itself, this aspect of the question is of little moment. For our purpose it may be assumed that the design of the Bill is to give additional facilities for preventing the sale of railways to foreign Com-

panies. At all events, the position taken up by a portion of the French press is founded on this supposition, and it is the fact that it is so founded that gives interest and importance to the discussion.

It is hardly conceivable that any one but a semi-official journalist under the Empire would have regarded the question as properly coming within the cognizance of French critics. No matter how unreasonable the fears or suspicions of the Belgian representatives might be, they had a perfect right to entertain them. A man who bolts his door at sunset, and requires every visitor who arrives after that hour to state his business through the keyhole, may be set down as needlessly cautious. But even this exhibition of timidity is not usually held sufficient to justify threats of assault and battery on the part of his next neighbour. This, however, is exactly the line which some of the French papers have taken. The most moderate suggestion they have to offer is that Belgium should be made to feel, "at least by commercial reprisals," how great her crime has been. The more pronounced journals have not been able to content themselves with so mild a proposal. In venturing to claim her railways as her own, Belgium has tried the magnanimity of France to the very utmost. Can the honour of the country put up patiently with such a provocation? If it proves impossible for it to do so, if this crowning insult can only be avenged by the just punishment of the State that has offered it, the offender will only have himself to blame. The French Government has done all it could to soothe the wounded feelings of the nation, and if its well-meant efforts fail, and its long-suffering subjects, refuse to be longer trampled under the feet of haughty Belgium, it will be only the natural consequence of this last act of the Chamber of Representatives. These writers do not give Belgium the credit of having devised this policy for herself. She is but the instrument, they assert, of a stronger Power in the background. The arrow has come from the Belgian quiver, but its flight has been directed by a Prussian arm. The punishment which is justly due to Belgium for allowing herself to be used for such a purpose can hardly be delayed much longer. The great majority of the French people is described as having all along desired the annexation of this truculent State, and of late the sentiment has become almost ungovernable. Belgium has no friend in France, except the magnanimous Government which she is always attacking. That Government will try now, as it has tried before, to stem the popular torrent, and to prevent this ill-advised people from falling a sacrifice to the wounded honour of the great nation whose susceptibilities have been so recklessly trampled on. But unless some help is obtainable in Belgium itself, unless, for example, the Senate will hold itself ready to reject the Bill which is now awaiting its consideration, it can hardly be expected that even the whole weight of official influence will be sufficient to ward off the blow.

We thought we had sufficient experience of semi-official journalism in France not to be surprised at any exhibition of its peculiar characteristics. But we confess to some astonishment at the matchless impudence of this last outburst. That newspapers whose connexion with the Government is perfectly well understood, should allow themselves, or rather be allowed by their masters, to make the domestic legislation of a neighbouring State an occasion for a series of insolent attacks, continued day after day, and claiming, though happily without any justification, to represent the whole public opinion of France, is certainly a phenomenon of very serious import. Whether the act of the Belgian Legislature showed distrust of France or not, whether it was in itself wise or foolish, necessary or unnecessary, is nothing to the purpose. It related to a matter upon which every State has a full right to judge for itself, and to make the exercise of such a right an occasion for complaint, would in itself be a direct aggression on the independence of Belgium. True, the French Government has not, so far as we know, made any diplomatic representations on the subject. It was reserved, we are sorry to say, for an English journal to suggest that it should do so. But the French Government has instructed its organs to do everything in their power to give it a colourable pretext for taking this course, and by this means it has necessarily aroused a suspicion which had of late promised to die out. It might have been expected that if the EMPEROR could not make up his mind to attack Prussia, he would at all events be superior to the mean compensation derivable from bullying a weaker State. That expectation has unhappily proved groundless. In the Imperial mind the possibility of making Belgium atone for the sins of Prussia, of leading the French people to regard the Meuse and the Scheldt as a cheap substitute for the unattain-



able Rhine, is evidently still working. That it is so is not favourable for the maintenance of tranquillity in Europe. A war with Prussia is sufficiently formidable in anticipation to induce even a more reckless ruler than NAPOLEON III. to count the cost before setting out. But a war with Belgium, though it might, and probably would, prove an equally serious business in the end, would not present the same difficulties at starting. It is conceivable, therefore, that a Sovereign whose caution would avail to preserve him from the former step might be led on by a fancied prospect of impunity so to commit himself in respect of the latter as to have no decent means of retreat. There is however one solid ground for satisfaction in this miserable business. The independent French journals have not followed the lead of the Imperial organs. The widely-differing schools of political opinion represented by the *Journal des Débats*, the *Journal de Paris*, the *Temps*, and the *Siècle*, are all agreed upon this point. No section of the genuine Opposition desires war. They are all aware that in the preservation of peace lies their only chance of driving the Government into the concession of more liberty at home. The outcry against Belgium is confined to the Absolutist and Socialist papers in the pay of the Government, and to the eccentric print which represents—M. ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN.

It is with very real regret that we are compelled to number the *Times* among the journals which on this question have made common cause against Belgium. No doubt in the article which appeared on this subject yesterday there were sentences thrown in here and there asserting the right of Belgium to manage her own affairs. But at this moment provisos of this sort will be forgotten in the general condemnation which the *Times* thinks fit to pronounce upon the conduct of the Chamber of Representatives. It talks of not encouraging Belgium "in a policy of suspicion or isolation," and stigmatizes the measure as "an unnecessary precaution," and one wholly out of accord "with the Liberal policy of the past." It conceals the fact that the agitation in Paris is confined to a single class of newspapers, and regrets that "journals" "semi-official and independent, Imperialist or Liberal," should be alike ready to appeal to the passions of the army and people. And it scoffs at the notion that there can be any military danger to Belgium in the line which connects Brussels with all the Eastern fortresses of France being in the hands of a French Company, and under the control of the French Government. We have no hesitation in saying that such writing as this can only be characterized as a disgrace to the nation which—most falsely we feel sure in this instance—the *Times* claims to represent.

#### PARLIAMENTARY AND MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE passage in the QUEEN'S Speech in which Parliament was recommended to inquire into the present mode of conducting Parliamentary and Municipal Elections was probably the only part of the Speech which caused its hearers the faintest surprise. It is not usual for the Crown to recommend Parliament merely to make an inquiry; and if the state of public opinion and general knowledge on a subject is not such as to make immediate legislation possible or desirable, it seems out of place to notice the matter at all in what is intended to be the programme of the proposed legislation of the Session. It also seemed strange that an inquiry should be thought necessary now, while the new system devised last year for trying election petitions is being worked out with care, patience, and great success, by the Judges who have been appointed to perform the unpleasant duty. It is not beyond possibility that the real reason why this unusual step of recommending a Parliamentary inquiry from the Throne has been taken, and why it is to be instituted at once, may be that the Ministry see in such an inquiry the readiest mode of procuring a definite opinion on the Ballot. It is not difficult to imagine that the Ballot has in the Cabinet some ardent supporters, some earnest opponents, and many half-hearted advocates who are not quite sure whether they have really come round to it or not. If the Ballot is merged in the general subject of the mode of conducting not only Parliamentary but Municipal Elections, the Cabinet may have plenty of time to make up its mind before it commits itself to a definite decision. In the present temper of the Liberal party, the Ballot would certainly command a great majority in the House of Commons, unless the Government were to set themselves resolutely against it, which they are not likely to do. On the other hand, there is a strong feeling in the country, and in a section of the Liberal party, that it would be a great pity to adopt the Ballot

in a hurry and without reflection. Even assuming, as we think it must be assumed, that the Ballot will be adopted if it can be shown to be the necessary complement of a Bill which has given votes to weekly labourers, yet what is wanted is a great body of evidence, from very various parts of the country, that the protection of the Ballot is really needed. Nor can the Ballot and intimidation be taken by themselves, or one sort of election be separated from another. What is wanted is exactly what the Government proposes—a general inquiry into the whole mode of conducting elections, both Parliamentary and Municipal. But if the Government had been free to choose, we may guess that it would not have been in such a hurry to start the inquiry while many election petitions remain untried, and while it is as yet much too soon to ascertain what is the general effect which these trials of election petitions are likely to produce both on the conduct of future elections and on the habits and feelings of the classes who have hitherto been the authors or victims of corrupt practices.

The inquiry is premature, but the history of the trials that have already taken place shows quite conclusively that it is impossible that the trial of petitions by Judges should do all that is wanted to place the conduct of elections on a proper footing. These trials seem likely to act quite as powerfully in deterring defeated candidates from bringing a petition as in deterring candidates and their agents from corrupt practices, and the whole success of the new machinery for purifying elections depends on men being found willing to bring petitions where any suspicion hangs over the election. If the notion spreads abroad that a petition is a most costly, vexatious, and uncertain thing, a great disinclination to bring petitions will spring up, and then the machinery will fail to produce any of the good results looked for from it. The most recent decisions are not at all encouraging to petitioners. It is not in any way the business of the Judges to make their decisions encouraging to petitioners. They are bound to think quite as much of the sitting member as of the petitioner, and they are called on to accept a return as a solemn legal document which it takes very clear evidence to set aside. They have only to investigate the facts that can be got together and produced before them, and to lay down the law. But the law laid down, although a perfectly good law, and based on sound reasoning, may show that the shades by which cases in which a petition will succeed are to be distinguished from cases where it will not succeed are so faint and slight that no one can tell beforehand how far it will be worth while to spend his money on a petition. Two decisions given this week on the law of agency will show how much this difficulty must press hereafter on a petitioner. At Staleybridge Mr. Justice BLACKBURN had to lay down the law of agency as applied to the following facts. A voluntary committee, sitting and acting at the request of the sitting member, sent out messengers to bring voters to the poll. Two of these messengers bribed a voter to vote by promising to make up to him his day's wages. That this was bribery in law was beyond doubt, and there was no doubt that these messengers had committed the act. The only question was whether they were agents of the sitting member for the special purpose of bringing up voters to the poll. Mr. Justice BLACKBURN decided that they were not. But he said that he so decided with the utmost doubt, and he stated that he could discover no general principle whatever on which the law of agency could be made to rest, so as to mark off clearly who are and who are not agents. Each case, he said, must be looked at separately. The only test he could think of was to look at the mischiefs which the Act wished to avert by making a candidate responsible for his agents. These mischiefs were that a candidate should profit by wrong acts done by others on his behalf, and that persons should be encouraged to spend money illegally for candidates on the speculation of some day being paid. Looking to the facts of the case, the Judge pronounced at Staleybridge that the connexion between the messengers of the committee and the sitting member was too remote to make them agents, and the messengers hoped to be repaid by the committee, not by the candidate. But there is no sort of principle on which this decision rests, for Mr. Justice BLACKBURN expressly said that he could not state any such principle, and certainly it would be most hazardous to accept the doctrine as good law that bribery committed by the agents of committees acting under the authority of a candidate will not invalidate an election when the agent of the committee looks for repayment to the committee, not to the candidate. If there is any general doctrine on the subject, it would probably be much safer to say that the election would be invalidated in this way. At Tamworth a person clearly shown to be an

agent of Sir HENRY BULWER, and possibly of Sir ROBERT PEEL, chose to spend a very large sum in hiring at an extravagant rate a number of persons, some of whom were voters, to act as watchers. But Mr. Justice WILLES considered that he did this, not to make the voters vote as he wished, but in order to make himself a popular person, and enhance his own importance. Here an agent gives voters a handsome sum for a totally unnecessary service, but we are invited to look into the agent's mind, and to observe that he gives for the pleasure of giving, not to get votes. This was no doubt quite a right decision, but the result is that the petitioner is cast in his petition because it is ultimately discovered that the sums he had succeeded in proving to have been given by an indisputable agent of one sitting member, and allowed in the accounts of another, were given indeed to voters for doing nothing, but were so given out of mere vanity, and in the pure delight of throwing away the gentleman's money.

Then, again, there are whole regions of misconduct in the management of elections which the Judges are not instructed or authorized to touch. "If I go in, I must do it properly to win," the sitting member for Greenwich wrote to a friend, "and I suppose that CHRISTIE is not prepared to bleed." The sitting member bled, but he bled properly and discreetly, and his election was confirmed without hesitation. But the legitimate bleeding by which one candidate takes for granted he can beat another candidate who is not prepared to bleed, is an immense evil, and if the inquiry now to be instituted should show any way of reducing the enormous advantage which a long purse gives a candidate, it would do great good. Then, again, these election trials show that no effectual case against a candidate can be made out as treating, unless the treating is quite outrageous, as it was at Bradford. If a candidate merely spends a great deal too much at public-houses, and the election is merely made the occasion of a state of permanent beeriness for a fortnight beforehand, there is nothing in this to support a petition. The petitioner must show either that there has been wholesale treating, so that the election was void because the borough was so corrupted with beer and good food as not to have the little wits left necessary to decide whether one man or another shall be returned, or else it must be distinctly proved that some particular voter was treated by an agent of the candidate with the object of getting his vote. The agency must be proved, the treating must be proved, and the frame of mind and general intentions of the agent at that particular moment of time must be proved; and all this is very difficult to prove. The Judges very soon cut away the allegations of treating. They first ask the petitioner if he means that the voters generally were drunk, and when he replies in the negative, then the Judge asks what particular voter was treated by a recognised agent having at that instant guilty intentions. The petitioner, in answer to this pertinent question, says that perhaps he had better pass on to another part of his case. And what may be said of treating may be said of intimidation. It is so difficult to prove either wholesale intimidation, as was proved at Drogheda, or the intimidation of particular voters by a recognised agent, as was proved at Westbury, that, generally speaking, the petitioner can make nothing of the evidence of intimidation which he has procured, and in nine cases out of ten a petition had much better not be brought unless an allegation of bribery can be proved. But in real life treating and intimidation are greater, more constant, and more dangerous causes of evil in the conduct of elections than bribery, and Parliament has a sphere of most useful inquiry if it undertakes to examine how the waste of money, the demoralization and the bullying that goes on at election time, can be diminished.

#### RUSSIA AND INDIA.

THE discussions which arise from the progress of Russian conquest in Central Asia forcibly illustrate the inconvenience of all domestic controversy on international questions. When diplomacy was conducted secretly by official persons only, there was, as at present, a risk of error; but Governments and their agents had the great advantage of expressing an undivided will. Newspapers and pamphlets, while they may often throw light on the subject of debate, supply information with indiscriminate liberality to both parties alike. The veiled menaces of a Foreign Secretary or of an Ambassador produce but little effect when the supposed organs of public opinion have admitted the impossibility or inutility of resistance. In the conflict of judgment foreign statesmen naturally accept the statements and arguments which suit their own policy best. The Emperor NICHOLAS at the beginning of 1853 might

have found many wholesome warnings in the English press; but choosing to believe, on the authority of one or two journals, that the influence of Mr. CORDEX and Mr. BRIGHT was supreme in England, he plunged his country into a disastrous war. The advisers of his successor will probably place a similar interpretation on eager and exaggerated professions of indifference to the Russian victories in Turkestan. Ostentatious deference to the United States has led, first, to the unlucky Alabama Treaty, and then, by a fortunate consequence, to the refusal of the American Senate to ratify the result of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's successful negotiations. An obviously insincere affectation of confidence in Russia will tend in the same manner to encourage presumption, and possibly to facilitate aggression. It is highly probable that Sir JOHN LAWRENCE may have judged rightly in maintaining his system of non-intervention against the prevalent opinion of Anglo-Indian politicians; but while silent inaction may sometimes be imposing, loud professions of neutrality and of peaceful intentions are generally undignified and often imprudent. Declarations that the vicinity of Russia to the Indian frontier is not alarming are so obviously untrue that they suggest an opposite interpretation. The fabulous ostrich never thrust its head into the sand until it was in imminent danger from its pursuers. It is absurd to suppose that Russian statesmen or generals will be deterred from prosecuting their designs by fulsome assurances of perfect reliance on their friendly moderation. If the time has not yet come for counteracting their possible projects, it would be expedient to say as little as possible when nothing is to be done. If it is true that Sir JOHN LAWRENCE at last resolved on subsidizing the Afghan Government, he confided the reasons of his change or modification of policy only to his official advisers and superiors. Loud disclaimers of anxiety convert subsequent precautions into admissions of the existence of danger.

It is perfectly true that the approach of Russian forces to the Indus and the Himalayah has hitherto furnished no legitimate cause of offence. It would have been incalculably more convenient to the English Government that a barrier should be interposed between two rival Empires; but it can scarcely be pretended that England or India has a vested interest in the barbarism of Central Asia. The civilization which is diffused by Russian soldiers may not be of a high order, but the most flagrant abuses of Russian administration might be beneficially substituted for the social and political system of Turkestan. If Mr. VAMBERY, who is assuredly not a partisan of Russia, may be trusted, the inhabitants of Bokhara are morally the worst people to be found on the earth. The semi-brutal African savages of SPEKE and BAKER may be equally vicious in their propensities, but they are far inferior in capacity to the race which formerly produced the conquerors of India, of China, and of Eastern Europe. The comparatively pure religion of MAHOMET has conformed itself, like other creeds, to the disposition of its professors; and its precepts of charity and piety offer no impediment, in Bokhara and the neighbouring regions, to ferocious cruelty and abandoned profligacy. In such a country even an orthodox Cossack, accustomed to be the instrument of a regular Government, may perhaps be a beneficial missionary; nor would the Indian Government, which has prudently abstained from attempting the reformation of Central Asia, be justified in protesting against the accomplishment of the task by a formidable rival. When it has suited the policy of Russia to be on good terms with England, assurances have been repeatedly given that the frontier of the Empire would not be further advanced in a south-easterly direction; but excuses or pretexts for extension of territory are never wanting in the neighbourhood of warlike and unsettled tribes. A commander on the border sends a flying column to exact satisfaction for the plunder of a travelling merchant; and soon afterwards he finds it necessary to erect a fort, that he may secure supplies and reinforcements for his detachments. After a time the fort is besieged or threatened, and it must be protected by the acquisition of the adjacent district; and finally a general war ends in the annexation of two or three provinces to the territory of the conqueror. One of the many processes by which the Indian Empire attained its present dimensions was exactly similar. In each special quarrel the Ameer or the Khan is as likely to be in the wrong as the Russian commander. In the conquered districts, roads made for military purposes serve commercial wants, and Russian and native traders acquire a certain amount of security for life and property. Although the patriotic and religious sentiments which sometimes survive all other virtues are shocked by the triumph of the foreign infidel, the greatest happiness of the greatest number of inhabitants may possibly be promoted by transference from indigenous



misrule to Russian uniformity and order. Circumstances might render it expedient to co-operate even with a Turkestan chieftain, but no sympathy can be felt for the murderers of STODDART and CONOLLY.

The possible collision between England and Russia in Central Asia will be analogous to a civil litigation rather than to a criminal prosecution, as it will result, not from the infliction or sufferance of wrong, but from a conflict of interests. A native Government of a united India, disposing even of half the resources which are at the command of the VICEROY, might regard with indifference any force which could threaten its northern frontier. The vicinity of a European Power is only dangerous because it might encourage disaffection to an alien Government. The Russian Generals have taken a part in the late civil disturbances of Afghanistan, where Russian agents had been busy more than a quarter of a century ago. In former times it was only by the intervention of Persia that the Russian Government could hope to acquire a footing in Afghanistan; and it was to obviate this comparatively remote danger that Lord AUCKLAND's unfortunate war was undertaken, and that Herat has been protected by diplomacy and by arms against Persian ambition. Recent victories have placed Herat almost between Russian and Persian territories, and a comparatively short distance separates the Russian outposts from the Valley of the Indus. The more easterly conquests may be regarded with less jealousy, inasmuch as they are separated from India by a great mountain range, penetrated only by passes which are difficult and defensible, although they have in former times been traversed by more than one Asiatic conqueror. It is from the North-West, that a hand might be held out to Indian insurgents, and that an auxiliary invasion might be directed against the Punjab. Some military critics, indeed, hold that the danger has been but slightly increased by the conquest of Bokhara, because the natural course of Russian aggression would, according to their opinion, lie through Persian territory from the southern shore of the Caspian; but the better authority seems to be on the side of the more recent alarmists; and it is certain that the new acquisition will facilitate interference in Afghan affairs. For the moment it appears that SHER ALI has reunited the possessions of DOST MAHOMMED; but in that distracted country a pretender may at any time make himself master of Herat or of Candahar, and it is not impossible that he might throw himself on Russian protection. The most pacific of Indian politicians agree that the occupation of Herat by Russia would be as legitimate a cause of war as the seizure of Peshawur or Mooltan. With such a contingency in prospect, it is idle to assert that the interests of Russia and England in Asia are identical.

It is impossible to know whether Russia contemplates the future acquisition of the whole or part of India, and it is enough to be aware that hostile proceedings on the Indian frontier might not improbably be caused by European complications. Within a few weeks English diplomacy has once more ended in baffling the designs of Russia against Turkey, which will be resumed on the first favourable opportunity. The experience of the Crimean war showed that Russia was assailable by a Power possessing maritime superiority, while it possessed no means of retaliation on a distant enemy. In the event of a future quarrel, a blockade of Cronstadt or of Odessa might be answered by a march upon the frontier towns of Afghanistan. Any Russian force, indeed, which could be employed on the Indus would be easily outnumbered and defeated, if the Indian Government were at leisure to occupy itself exclusively with repelling invasion. There is every reason to believe that internal disturbances might be simultaneously repressed; but it is useless to deny the probability of novel risks and embarrassments. In India, if not in Europe, the era of perfect non-intervention and of indifference to foreign policy is still remote; nor, indeed, is it likely that the modern doctrine will be heartily adopted by any Government which has an army to dispose of. It is desirable, if it is practicable, to avert a collision as long as possible, by some amicable understanding with Russia; but a compact on a single point of difference with a litigant who has other disputed claims in reserve is scarcely likely to produce a lasting settlement. The most unprofitable of all devices is to assert clamorously that there is peace, when there is no reason for dwelling on the subject except a well-founded belief that peace is likely to be disturbed.

#### COUNT BISMARCK'S EXPLANATION.

COUNT BISMARCK could scarcely have allowed the Hanover and Hesse Confiscation Bills to pass through the Prussian House of Lords without qualifying to some extent

his remarks on the same subject in the Chamber of Deputies. It is not often that a nominally responsible Minister delivers himself of so direct a provocation to war as was contained in his speech of the 29th of January. In the interval between the two debates Count BISMARCK had had time enough to recover himself—supposing him to have been carried away by the heat of discussion, or to have used language susceptible of another meaning than that which he intended to convey. If, therefore, he had remained silent, the fact that, having an opportunity of modifying his original statements, he had omitted to use it, would have invested his language with additional seriousness. This consideration, however, deprives of nearly all its value the very slight retraction implied rather than contained in his speech of Saturday last. It is merely a form to which any Minister who does not carry a declaration of war in his pocket must consent to submit. The French Government especially has so often done the same thing itself that it must be perfectly aware how little it really means. To make a definite statement to-day, and then to tone it down somewhat a fortnight later, is the natural expedient of a man who wishes his words to take root and bear fruit by and by. If he said nothing on the first occasion, he would not achieve his end; if he said nothing on the second occasion, he might achieve it rather too quickly. In dealing with the Prussian people Count BISMARCK takes a lesson from the cook, and throws in a little cold water at the last moment just to prevent the pot from boiling over. His quickness of temper serves as a convenient scapegoat on which to lay the blame of his indiscretion. The machinations of the dethroned sovereigns of Hanover and Hesse have been too much for his equanimity. He has “many times been reproached by the ‘press for not preserving a proper diplomatic calm in the face ‘of such endeavours.’” He does not deny that there may be some ground for the charge, but he is far from being ashamed of his weakness. “Those who can restrain their anger at such baseness have national feelings differently organized” from his. Count BISMARCK does scant justice to his own capacity of self-control. The organization of his “national feelings” would doubtless have proved quite equal to any task he might have thought proper to impose upon it, and had it suited his purpose to keep his wrath to himself, his determination would certainly not have been affected by anything that the ex-King of HANOVER or the ex-Elector of HESSE could have done to shake it. Count BISMARCK's purpose in threatening the Chamber of Deputies with another French invasion has probably been fully answered by a fortnight's uncontradicted circulation. He need not have much fear that the effect of his warning will be seriously weakened by the fact that in addressing the House of Lords he adopted a somewhat milder tone.

When the particular qualification introduced comes to be examined, it is of a curiously transparent sort. Count BISMARCK professes to exonerate the French Government and the French people at the expense of the French press. It is the latter which, by “a criminal undertaking,” has endeavoured to incite to war two nations most earnestly desirous of remaining at peace. The Prussian Minister is “fully convinced that ‘all European Governments’—France among the number, therefore—‘are animated by peaceful intentions.’” In the false news “which has been circulated with shameless inventiveness” he recognises the real enemy of the peace of Europe, and he feels that the time has come when “even in ‘the interest of national dignity it is necessary to stop the ‘sources whence newspapers are subsidized openly to incite a ‘brave and warlike nation to make war upon Germany.’” The “dissemination of falsehood by means of the distribution ‘of money’”—there is the explanation of all the rumours and apprehensions of the last two years. Europe would have been at rest if it had not been for the wickedness of certain French journalists, and the French journalists would have turned their criminal ingenuity in a different direction if it had not been for the traitorous liberality of the ex-Elector of HESSE.

The first feeling suggested by this exposition of the situation is one of wonder whether Count BISMARCK really expects any one to believe him; but as the Prussian statesman has never shown any symptom of more than human credulity, the idea of his entertaining such an anticipation may be safely dismissed. It might perhaps be argued that some allowance should be made for the extensive transactions in press purchases to which Count BISMARCK himself is suspected of having been occasionally privy; but a moment's consideration will show that this circumstance really tells the other way. A portion of the French press may be no more above pecuniary influences than a corresponding portion of the German, but it is the very fact that the Government is

a large buyer that practically closes the market against private dealers. The independent Paris journals are not to be had for money; the journals that are to be had have long ago been bought up. It is notorious that the most violent attacks upon Prussia which have from time to time appeared in French newspapers have been found in the semi-official organs of the Government. There is scarcely a rumour of coming war, or a demonstration that peace can only be attained by the sword, that might not have been killed in the cradle by the slightest Imperial hint. That these things have been suffered to do their work unregarded has been the deliberate choice of the authorities. To silence a journalist whose highest inspiration is the prospect of Imperial favour it is not even necessary to put the French press law into operation. And Count BISMARCK of course knows this at least as well as any one else. When he talks about a hired press doing its best to set Governments and nations by the ears, he is perfectly aware all the time that the press against which he brings this accusation utters nothing but what, at the moment of writing, the French Government wishes its subjects, or some section of its subjects, to believe. His speech is therefore nothing more than an intimation to the Emperor of the FRENCH that he sees all that is going on at Paris, but that for reasons of his own he does not wish at present to bring it home to its real author.

The question why Count BISMARCK should have chosen this particular time for assuming so threatening a tone is less easy to answer. It may be of course that he is really suspicious of his neighbour's intentions, and that he wishes both to show that Prussia is prepared, and to give a reason to his own countrymen why she must remain prepared. It may be that he is as doubtful as the rest of the world what NAPOLEON III. really means to do, and that he is getting tired of an uncertainty which involves Prussia in so large a military expenditure. The proverb which sets forth the wisdom of letting sleeping dogs lie may cease to be applicable if it is extremely important to ascertain whether a particular dog is sleeping or not. In that case it may be the most prudent course to administer a gentle kick at the moment when you are best prepared to defend yourself if the slumber should prove to be only feigned. It is possible, again, that the demonstration may be entirely dictated by reasons of domestic policy. The unity of Germany, as understood by Prussia, is a unity based on conquest. Even in this very speech Count BISMARCK avows that his object in annexing Hanover was, not to include 2,000,000 Hanoverians in the common German Fatherland, but to ensure Prussia against ever again having an Hanoverian army in her rear. The motive was strategical, not sentimental. From this point of view, it may be of great importance not to let the idea of a French invasion die away. It may be of importance in the annexed countries, because, as long as the cause of the dethroned sovereigns can be identified with France, the idea of independence is not likely to make much way among a German population. It may be of importance in the purely Prussian provinces, because it supplies an excuse for keeping up a military establishment which, though really required for the consolidation of recent conquests, can only be ostensibly justified on the plea of danger from without. These alternative suggestions may all have some shadow of truth in them, though on the whole it is to the last that we incline as intrinsically the most probable.

#### CANADIAN PROSPECTS.

THE newly constituted Dominion of Canada has passed through some stormy weather in the first year of its existence, but it has had its fair share of sunshine, and the clouds are now visibly breaking even in the most threatening quarters. Three out of the four Provincial Legislatures have thoroughly understood their position, and have given themselves up to useful local work, instead of attempting to encroach on the ultimate Sovereignty which was wisely vested in the Federal House of Commons at Ottawa. One of them, the Parliament of the Province of Quebec, is actively engaged in the development of a new scheme of colonization, in connexion with cheap wooden railroads, with which it is proposed to pierce the forest in every direction. The great recommendation of the scheme is, that the road is to be made of materials to be had for the cutting on the right and left of the track, and at a cost very little more than that of a common metalled road. Every line that may be so constructed will open up millions of acres of available land, and with improved organization for placing the immigrants, who are now beginning to discover the superior advantages

of Canada over the States, the progress of the country promises to surpass all past experience, even of that wonderful Western continent. Only a year or so ago the comparatively sluggish French Canadians were moved by a wave of feeling which prompted many of them to seek to better their fortunes in the States. These very men are now petitioning by thousands to be received back again on terms as favourable as those accorded to emigrants from Europe; and opinion on the west of the Atlantic is gradually settling down to the conviction that, having regard to the fiscal burdens of the United States, and the magnificent means of transit in the Dominion, life in the Colonies is easier and more flourishing than in the great Republic, as it stands after its terrible war. While material interests are thus prospering, political harmony between the central and local Governments has not been disturbed, except in the case of the Nova Scotia Repealers, and even their extravagant, though not unintelligible, excitement is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. It is now some time since the news arrived that the Repeal cause had been abjured by its leader, Mr. HOWE, and it was not everyone perhaps in England who appreciated the full meaning of this defection. Mr. HOWE was something more than the first man among the Nova Scotian Repealers, just as O'CONNELL was more than the first man among Irish Repealers. As O'CONNELL created the Repeal party in Ireland, so did Mr. HOWE in the smaller field of Nova Scotia. With great ability, and with a lofty scorn of consistency, he lashed into fury the indignation of the less instructed classes of his tiny country. As long as it was possible for a Repeal agitation to show front with the slightest semblance of a hope of success, Mr. HOWE wrote and spoke, and worked with wonderful energy for the impossible object which he had led his countrymen to aim at. But Mr. HOWE, though not perhaps free from the vanity and selfishness that generally mark the popular tribune, was by no means devoid of sense, and when he saw that both parties in the House of Commons recognised the impossibility of repealing an Act in which four previously distinct communities had a common interest, and that the choice lay between submission and impotent rebellion, he, like a prudent man, accepted the situation. For a time it was doubtful how far the example would be followed. The Executive Council of Nova Scotia presented to their LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR an Address compounded of the same admixture of Constitutionalism and petty treason which used to flavour O'CONNELL's manifestoes. The last act of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM was to send an answer, quietly but firmly rebuking the pretensions of this rather arrogant body, and appealing from them to the common sense of their countrymen at large. A little later a not less objectionable Address has been forwarded from the Assembly of Nova Scotia, which was elected in the midst of Mr. HOWE's agitation. This has been met by a despatch from the present Colonial Minister, even more decided and more absolutely fatal to the hopes of the Repealers than that of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM. Even before this decisive evidence of the conclusive nature of the new Dominion Constitution, the Nova Scotians had begun to doubt the wisdom of the representatives whom they had chosen in a moment of angry excitement. The Legislature desired to thwart the Militia Act of the Federal Parliament, but in spite of the opposition of the most extreme Separatists, the people mustered in the ranks to the number of 5,000 and more, which is a large quota from so very small a country as Nova Scotia. Of these the majority were men who had followed Mr. HOWE in accepting the situation.

No sooner was the final answer of the Liberal Cabinet given against Repeal, than further symptoms were apparent of the break-up of the party. Mr. HOWE and a colleague of his met one of the Dominion Ministers to negotiate terms of compromise, and, subject of course to the ratification of the Ottawa Legislature, these have been finally arranged. In a sense they may be supposed by some to justify Mr. HOWE's agitation, for there is a considerable doubt whether they are not more favourable to Nova Scotia than any that could have been obtained by less vigorous means. Railways and public buildings belonging to the Province are, it seems, to be paid for out of the Federal money, and Mr. HOWE himself is to preside over the Privy Council at Ottawa. This is certainly accepting the situation with adequate fervour, and it may be doubted whether the ex-agitator would not have served his country better by remaining out of office until his elevation would afford no excuse for unpleasant suggestions. His powers are not disputed by any party, but he has done much mischief by his hot-headed advocacy of Repeal, and he may have done more by giving to his desertion the appearance of a personally selfish arrangement.



Mr. Howe's personal character is, however, a comparatively small matter, except so far as any slur upon his integrity may swell the numbers of the ultra party who still refuse to "accept the situation." There are, however, satisfactory indications that the bulk even of the Anti-Confederation party are beginning to see the wisdom of making the best of things. Even the organs of the extreme Repealers profess that they mean to accept every concession that can be wrung from the sister provinces—just as O'CONNELL used to take the successive measures which were won from the British Parliament—as instalments only of the demand for Repeal. These tactics, though not dignified, are generally successful, and seem to thrive as well in Nova Scotia as in Ireland. The most remarkable evidence of Mr. Howe's influence is at the same time afforded by the tone of the Repeal press. Nothing can exceed the virulence of the language used in speaking of those who were leaders of the Confederation movement from the first. They are told, in the pure Transatlantic dialect of one of the Repeal organs, that if they remain quiet "they may take the benefit of the forgetfulness that comes of utter scorn and contempt," but if they aspire again to public life, they shall be "pilloried for the universal execration of the country." We do not cite this vigorous declamation for its own sake so much as to show the contrast between it and the language used of Mr. Howe. It might have been supposed that the traitor who accepted the situation after the example of the militiamen, and ended by taking a seat in the hostile Cabinet, would be denounced with all the exuberant eloquence at the command of his deserted followers. Strangely enough, we find that Mr. Howe is still spoken of by the most extreme members of the party which he made and destroyed with a respect which is quite unaccountable, except on the supposition that he carries with him the sympathies of a very large section of the Repeal party. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that the agitation is practically killed, and before many years we may hear the Nova Scotians boasting how their Province and their leader, Mr. Howe, got more than their fair share of the good things of the Dominion by the well-used device of quarrelling with the Union itself.

While the differences with Nova Scotia are thus rapidly settling themselves, Newfoundland and Columbia are both beginning to gravitate to the common centre, and to seek the Union which one of them—Newfoundland—had at first rejected. The pending question with the Hudson's Bay Company grievously delays the settlement of a large and valuable portion of the Dominion territory, but if both sides are rational, the Company will have no difficulty in getting reasonable terms for any sovereign or other rights or privileges which it really has the power to sell. Whenever this arrangement is concluded, Canada will be able completely to consolidate herself, and promises to start on a new career, which will make her not less attractive to European emigrants than the United States themselves.

#### MR. EDWARDS' APOLOGY.

MR. EDWARDS complains that his examination before the LORD MAYOR "took the very unusual form of hostility from both sides." This is quite true; but not only must Mr. EDWARDS be aware that he is a very unusual person, and therefore is not unlikely to receive very unusual treatment, but when he says that the object of getting his evidence was "not for the purpose of eliciting any facts material to the inquiry before the Court," he must submit to be reminded what the inquiry was, and what was the point at issue between Dr. THOM and the house of OVEREND and GURNEYS. Dr. THOM's case was that, at the time of the concoction of the new Company, the old partners knew that the concern was rotten at the core; that they fraudulently concealed the true state of their affairs; and that the prospectus issued by the Directors embodied this fraud. On the other hand, the GURNEYS replied that, though they had been unfortunate, they concealed nothing; that their affairs had been conducted, not with success certainly, but with good faith throughout. And to prove their respective allegations it was necessary both for the GURNEYS and their accuser to go into the details of the management of their business. One person, and one alone, was possessed of the secret history of the house. That person was Mr. EDWARDS. On Dr. THOM's part it was urged that Mr. EDWARDS was perfectly aware of, and was a party to, the hopeless insolvency of the house; and therefore his examination, as conducted in the interests of Dr. THOM, was to show up that mode of doing business which Mr. EDWARDS was employed on behalf of the GURNEYS to carry

out, and which he and they alike knew, or ought to have known, must end in ruin. On the GURNEYS' part it was urged that Mr. EDWARDS was not only perfectly cognizant of, but was mainly responsible for, the losses incurred; and therefore his examination, as conducted in the interests of the GURNEYS, was to show up his mode of doing business, and to throw the burden of failure on him instead of on themselves. Hostility from both sides was therefore very unpleasant, perhaps, but not quite so unnatural. The GURNEYS, smarting under their ruin, could not but look with hostility on the man whom they charged with being the author of their ruin; Dr. THOM and the shareholders, also smarting under ruin, must have entertained exactly the same feelings towards the man who was, so they said, the main instrument of that policy which had brought the house into such a state that all the new capital imported into it could not keep it from falling. Every man's hand is perhaps against Mr. EDWARDS, but then it was alleged at the Mansion House that Mr. EDWARDS' hand was against every man.

And this seems to be the upshot of Mr. EDWARDS' very clever apology. For example, one main charge suggested against Mr. EDWARDS is that he took commission from both sides, the buyer and seller—or, more strictly, the borrower and lender—in the same transaction. What is his answer? Not that this was not so, but that both parties were aware of it. *Volenti non fit injuria*. This is the plea sometimes, we believe, advanced in the Divorce Court, that the respondent has had, practically, leave and license from the husband to seduce the wife. It is not a very moral plea, but anyhow, whenever urged, it admits the fact of seduction. This is what Mr. EDWARDS admits, and the only charge against him is that the very thing which he admits constitutes his culpability. "It is true," Mr. EDWARDS admits, "that Mr. XENOS paid me at the rate of 500*l.* a year; it is true that Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL paid me commission on the loan advanced to him by the GURNEYS; but then the GURNEYS had full knowledge of these payments, and even named and arranged their amount. How then could the GURNEYS be injured by these payments?" The question is not whether the GURNEYS were privy to the transaction, but whether the transaction was itself defensible; whether, on the face of it, it was not a wanton squandering of the assets of the house—that is, of their creditors' property; and whether Mr. EDWARDS, being privy to the transaction, and being the only person benefited by it, was culpable in being a party to it? In the case of an ordinary loan of 100*l.*, if the lender A. gives B., a middleman, 5*l.*, and if the borrower C. gives the same B. 5*l.*, it stands to reason that the 100*l.* is sweated down to 95*l.*, and the capital so far lessened for the private gain of B., and that this 5*l.* might have been saved and spared. These admissions on Mr. EDWARDS' part run through the whole of his apology. He complains of the suggestion that the 20,000*l.* was paid him by the GURNEYS either for ruining their business or for nothing at all; and he says that either alternative is absurd. And then he goes into an elaborate proof of this very paradox that actually both alternatives are true, and, wonderful as the assertion is, he urges that there could be no harm in all this, because the GURNEYS were perfectly aware that their house was being ruined, that they had commenced the system of ruining it, and only hired Mr. EDWARDS to carry on and complete their ruin. And further, that when things had run their natural course, and when the ruin that they had compassed—or, as it is called, "the policy" of making advances to rotten concerns had borne its natural fruits—they really did pay him his 20,000*l.* for nothing at all, or, if for anything, for hush-money, because, "Friend EDWARDS, we do not see how we are to get on without thee;" because friend EDWARDS "had become possessed of sufficient knowledge to have forced us to put up our shutters within twenty-four hours of his revelations, if he had chosen to make them"; and because friend EDWARDS had shown, by something very like a threatening letter of December, 1864, that he was perfectly capable of making these revelations.

These two points—the allegation of Mr. EDWARDS' complicity in the losses sustained by the GURNEYS, and the allegation that he got 20,000*l.* only because he was master of the situation and to purchase his silence—are worth clearing up. "How," plaintively asks Mr. EDWARDS, "can it be charged against me that I caused those losses? Certainly OVEREND and GURNEY cannot and will not say so." Mr. CHAPMAN does say so; but let that pass. The question is not what the GURNEYS say, but what Dr. THOM and the shareholders say. This question, the only one worth a moment's consideration, Mr. EDWARDS traverses, and goes into proofs of the perfectly irrelevant, however astounding, fact that the GURNEYS were conscious and active parties to their own ruin, carefully provided for it, and secured

Mr. EDWARDS' invaluable aid to make this certainty of ruin doubly certain. For, to do Mr. EDWARDS justice, he faithfully fulfilled this very extraordinary commission. The Atlantic Royal Mail Company had received advances from the GURNEYS to the amount of 200,000*l.* before Mr. EDWARDS was hired. The *mot d'ordre* of the GURNEYS, and "the policy" originated by them, and entrusted to Mr. EDWARDS, was to keep all cases with which he had anything to do out of bankruptcy. These were his instructions, and in following them out he "supported this policy" by increasing this little debt of 200,000*l.* to 600,000*l.* This "policy" in familiar language, is called throwing good money after bad; and though it may suit Mr. EDWARDS to say that people may well differ as to whether it is a wise policy or not, we beg leave to say that there can be no question about its folly, and little question about its honesty; and that it is a very poor vindication of either its wisdom or its honesty to plead that the GURNEYS, as well as Mr. EDWARDS, were all along privy to it. Two blacks do not make a white. When "the policy" of making these advances under the circumstances was announced to Mr. EDWARDS, he must either have approved or disapproved of it. If he disapproved, he cannot be relieved from the imputation of being a consenting party to what he must have known was wrong in itself, and must end in ruin. If he approved, he cannot be relieved from the charge made by impetuous and plain-spoken Mr. BIRKBECK, that the great losses of the house were to be attributed to his advice, albeit his advice and assistance were only in accordance with "the policy" of the house. If the policy was flagitious, and Mr. EDWARDS knew it to be such, he was guilty, for the sake of lucre, of carrying out what he knew to be wrong; if he thought it right, as it turned out to be very wrong, he is guilty of being something more than a passive spectator of the ruin of the great house. He was an active participator in, if not the original inventor of, a policy which was either criminal or foolish to the last degree. The recent history of OVEREND and GURNEY raises only the old and ugly dilemma between knave and fool. Dr. THOM and his supporters urge knave; the GURNEYS, according to Mr. EDWARDS, plead fool; only it is a folly not only so astounding, but so peculiar, that the fool which it suggests is somewhat of SOLOMON's type, whose sport it is to do mischief, who rageth and is confident, and whose abomination it is to depart from evil—that is, who determines, when he has begun "a policy," to stick to it.

The other point is equally curious, and Mr. EDWARDS' apology does much to clear up the mystery of the why and wherefore his stipend of 5,000*l.* a year was actually paid as a subsidy by the GURNEYS. The facts seem to be these:—In November, 1862, Mr. EDWARDS was engaged for five years certain, at a salary of 5,000*l.*, the hiring to commence January 1, 1863, and to terminate January 1, 1868. As early as the latter part of 1863 Mr. BIRKBECK rebelled; "from that time" the confidential relations between myself and the house "practically closed." Throughout 1864 the house placed no matter in his hands. Throughout 1864 Mr. EDWARDS complained, remonstrated, and towards the end of the year threatened, and the result of his complaints was that he got the 20,000*l.*; that is to say, for one year's service, that of 1863, he got the whole sum which it had been engaged to pay him—either 20,000*l.* or 25,000*l.*, it is not quite clear which; most likely the former, as Mr. EDWARDS says, "in taking the sum of 20,000*l.* it appears to me that I was foregoing part of my just claim; and I think so still." Just claim for what? It could not be for four years' services, for he only acted during one year—namely, 1863. The GURNEYS, it appears, had fixed upon five years as the term during which "their policy" must come to an end. Mr. EDWARDS, by his skilful management, had contrived to compress into one year five years' work; and no doubt on this view of the matter he was entitled to the full sum, just as a contractor who bargains to lay a cable in six months is entitled to his full payment if he does the work in two months. So if the GURNEYS had, as it seems they had, entered into an undertaking with themselves to ruin their house in five years, and had secured Mr. EDWARDS' services to spread out this remarkable achievement over the whole of that time, they could not complain of Mr. EDWARDS' diligence in helping them to their ruin so handsomely and completely in a single year. This is, in its way, a legitimate excuse for Mr. EDWARDS taking the whole pound of flesh, even though it weighed 20,000*l.* But this excuse, good as it is, admits that for four years—namely, for 1864-5-6-7—Mr. EDWARDS did nothing at all—but hold his tongue. This silence was not so much golden as gold-worthy; and the golden ox, as the Greek proverb says, on Mr. EDWARDS' tongue was not altogether thrown away. The shutters which Mr. EDWARDS might

have put up in 1863 were not put up till 1868, and after all were not put up by the GURNEYS at all, but by the Limited Liability Company, and the Six Directors. This postponement of the crash was perhaps cheaply purchased at 20,000*l.* At any rate these were the terms dictated by Mr. EDWARDS, and the GURNEYS submitted to them. After one year's service, and at the end of the second year during which no services had been rendered, Mr. EDWARDS plainly intimated that if the GURNEYS did not come to terms, and his terms too, he might be under the necessity of making public his connexion with the house, and disclosing "the policy," to the admiration, we suppose, and imitation, of the commercial world of London. The GURNEYS were absolutely at Mr. EDWARDS' mercy, and Mr. EDWARDS took the merciful view and 20,000*l.*, which, we quite agree with him, was foregoing part of his claim; for if he had demanded 40,000*l.* no doubt he would have got it, so completely was he master of the situation. Only we must remind Mr. EDWARDS that his claim was either for helping and being privy to the ruin of the house in one year instead of five years, or was the price for submitting to be paid—bribed, it is sometimes called—for not revealing the secrets of the house, and, as Mr. CHAPMAN says, for being "soothed down" by those who were helpless under his tender mercies.

#### HISTORICAL CYCLES.

WE have more than once spoken of historical parallels, the fallacy which is implied in their thoughtless use, and the opposite fallacy which is implied in despising them altogether. No historical parallel can be absolutely perfect, because no event in history ever exactly repeats itself. The fact that a parallel is a parallel, the fact that two events of different ages or different countries are compared together, will hinder the two events from being exactly alike. The fact that one event belongs to one age and country and the other event to another age and country will impress upon each some points of difference from the other. But it does not at all follow from this that real instruction, practical instruction and not a mere gratification of curiosity, may not be drawn from the comparison of distant events with one another. For in truth it is often the points of difference which make the comparison most instructive. And it is often the points of difference in detail which best enable us to see the essential analogy between two periods or states of things. A merely outward likeness, a likeness which is a mere likeness of detail, may very well be simply accidental. But a likeness which pierces through the differences necessarily caused by the diversities of countries, times, and men's manners is pretty sure to be a real and essential likeness. That is to say, however remote in time and place the two events may be, analogous causes are at work in the two cases, and they are bringing about analogous effects.

Now, if these remarks are true of historical parallels in general, they are specially true of one class of historical parallels, which we will distinguish as historical cycles. We will give this name to those cases when events seem to reproduce themselves in the history of the same nation, when events happen in one age which, amidst all diversities, present an essential likeness to events which, perhaps in some very distant age, happened in the history of the same country or people. Events, strictly so called, may repeat themselves, or again, institutions may repeat themselves. Institutions especially may practically repeat themselves, amidst the greatest varieties of external circumstances. The institutions of a very advanced age may be a real return to the institutions of a very early age. The later days of a people, amidst countless differences of detail, may have more real likeness, more identity of principle, with its very early days, than with intermediate times from which, in all outward circumstances, they are separated by much slighter differences. This sort of reproduction in the history of the same people or country may be fairly called a cycle. A former state of things seems, with the necessary allowances, to be repeated. The nation seems, with the same necessary allowances, to come back to a point at which it stood ages before. This is strictly the cycle, as distinguished from the ordinary parallel. The analogy between ancient Greece and mediæval Italy is one of the best parallels of the ordinary kind, one of those which we can best follow out both in points of likeness and in points of unlikeness. But the parallel between mediæval Italy and primæval Italy before the power of Rome arose is a parallel of another kind. Our knowledge of the earlier period is not enough to enable us to carry out the comparison in the same detail in which we can carry out the comparison in the other case. But our knowledge is enough to enable us to say that the parallel between mediæval and primæval Italy is a real parallel. And, being a real parallel, it is a parallel of the particular sort of which we are now speaking. It is a return on the part of a country to a state of things essentially the same as a state of things many ages older. That is, it is a true case of an historical cycle.

On the other hand, a parallel which is simply a parallel and no more may be sometimes mistaken for a case of cycle, or it may be sometimes, for interested purposes, represented as being one. We have, for instance, heard till we are weary about the Buonapartes, elder and younger, somehow reproducing the career and position



of Charles the Great. Now there doubtless is a certain parallelism, faint and distant, it is true, but real as far as it goes, between the Empire of Charles the Great and the Empire of the elder Buonaparte. No doubt the virtue of the parallel is a good deal lost through conscious aping on the part of Buonaparte; still there is a certain real analogy between two Empires both springing up in a comparatively sudden way, and both taking in, speaking roughly, nearly the same countries. But that is all. The parallel is not a cycle, but the opposite to a cycle. The Empire of Charles was the domination of Germany over Gaul; the Empire of Buonaparte was the domination of Gaul over Germany. A far nearer approach to a repetition of the career of Charles is to be found in the late aggrandizement of Prussia. There is no such striking parallel at first sight as there is in the other case; but there is a real and very close likeness. Superficial observers are apt to talk of Charles the Great as a sort of meteor which flashed for a moment and left no lasting results behind. His great Empire doubtless broke up, and therefore to careless eyes it looks as if he did no lasting work at all. But Charles did two very great and very lasting works, one for good and one for evil. And one of them has just been pretty well done over again before our own eyes. The first work of Charles was to found what, as compared with the state of things before him, may be called a united Germany. His second work was to unite Germany and Italy under a single sovereign. On these two works of one man all later European history hangs. Now what have we ourselves seen within three years? The last traces of Charles' work for evil have been wiped out; his work for good has been done over again. It is hard to make people understand how many things go in cycles, how often history repeats itself, how much that seems to be innovation is really restoration. This is emphatically the case with regard to the German and Italian Kingdoms. It is hard to make people believe that German and Italian unity are not utterly new things, dreams of speculative politicians, but actual facts which existed long ago and to which we are now only going back. But any one who understands the history of the world for the last thousand years knows very well that every step that has been taken towards the unity of Germany or of Italy is not a step towards something new, but really a step back again towards something old.

In our own history, above all, every step in advance has been at the same time a step backwards. We have often shown how our latest constitution is, amidst all external differences, essentially the same as our earliest, how every struggle for right and freedom from the thirteenth century onwards has simply been a struggle for recovering something old, often in quite another shape, but still essentially the same amidst all the differences of an early and a late state of society. Let us take one example out of many, and let us illustrate it by a story from the late general election. A Liberal candidate professes to be a lover of everything old, a hater of everything new. He denounces the novelties of Toryism, the mere mushroom growth of the last two or three hundred years. Presently he is called on at a dinner to give the toast of the Bishop and Clergy. He makes the suspicious addition of "Ministers of all Denominations." A clergyman opposite triumphantly asks whether ministers of all denominations were among the old things which he loved. The candidate takes his opportunity, and shows how toleration was the old thing and intolerance the new; how, in the first days of the Gospel in England, a heathen King could give full freedom to the preachers of Christianity, and a Christian King could do no kind of harm to those of his people who clung to their old heathendom. In short, if anybody, in Spain or elsewhere, wants a model for a Toleration Act, he cannot do better than turn to Bæda, and study the sayings and doings of the first Christian Bretwalda.

In France we do not see the same going back to old institutions under other forms which we see in England; but we do see the principle of cycles busily at work in other ways. It is obvious that there are large portions of French history which read exactly like repetitions of other portions. There are scenes in the French history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries which only need the names to be changed to pass as scenes in the history of the great Revolution. In all cases we find the same deeds of violence and bloodshed done in honour of the most exalted principles of freedom and love of mankind. But there is a much subtler cycle in French history than this. Gaul has not, like England, fallen back on its old institutions, but it has certainly fallen back upon its old nationality. The Frankish element has died out or has been assimilated, just as the Norman element has been assimilated in England, and Gaul is again Gaulish, just as England is again English. And if it has not fallen back on its old institutions, it is for the obvious reason that there were not, strictly speaking, any old institutions to fall back upon. The old Teutonic constitution was capable of being developed, on its own principles, by the needful changes in form and detail, into the constitution which we have now. But Gaul, where Franks and Goths conquered and settled, but never formed the mass of the population, had no such inheritance to develop. Teutonic institutions were in Gaul simply the institutions of conquerors, as Roman institutions were before them. Hence it is that there is in France no such continued political existence as there is in England. The cities of France were ancient when most of the cities of England were founded, but, when we come to look at the laws and usages by which they are ruled, we find the balance of antiquity wholly the other way.

But perhaps there is no European country where events have re-

peated themselves in so remarkable a way as they have done in Sicily. The repetition is so exact that it almost passes the stage of parallelism and reaches that of identity. But the repetition is not the result of any deep or mysterious cause; it is simply the natural, almost the necessary, consequence of the geographical position of the island. Placed between Europe and Africa, it is the natural battle-ground of European and African Powers. It has thus come to pass that the great struggle between East and West, between the Semitic and the Aryan races, which in later times grew into a struggle between the Koran and the Gospel, has twice been fought out on Sicilian ground. The possession of Sicily was in one age of the world disputed between Greeks and Phœnicians, between colonists from Corinth and colonists from Carthage. The prize is wrested from both by the conquerors of Southern Italy, by the advancing might of Rome. Sicily becomes a Roman province; presently each metropolis shares the fate of its colony, and Corinth and Carthage perish in a single year. Ages afterwards the same part is played over again. Sicily is again disputed between men of Hellenic and men of Semitic speech, between subjects of the Byzantine Cæsar and subjects of the Saracen Caliph. Again the prize is wrested from both by new conquerors of Southern Italy, but conquerors again so far Roman that they spoke a variety of the speech of Rome. Sicily now, instead of a Roman province, becomes a Norman Kingdom, and the Norman conqueror, like the Roman, again makes Sicily a basis of operations for warfare both in Greece and in Africa. The events here repeat themselves almost literally. In fact, they can hardly help repeating themselves. That they have not happened over again a third time is simply because for ages past there has been no African Power capable of playing the part of the old Carthaginians and Saracens. Sicily has therefore been often tossed to and fro between different European Powers, but it has not for many ages run any danger of becoming other than European and Christian.

Take again quite another part of the world, Persia. One cannot help thinking that the singular vitality of Persian nationality, which makes the history of Persia such a contrast to the ordinary sameness of Eastern dynastic history, is in some way due to the Aryan blood of the genuine Persian people. It is a great thing for a nation to be able to say that it has been, twice in its history, roused up, after long ages of bondage, to a new national life by the preaching of a national religion. Ismael in the fifteenth century called the Persian nation again into being by the preaching of the Shiah form of Islam, just as, twelve hundred years before, Artaxerxes had called it again into being by the preaching of the old creed of the land held down so long under Macedonian and Parthian conquerors. This Persian cycle is really a more remarkable one than the Sicilian one, because it is not due to equally obvious causes. It comes nearer to the way in which English and Gaulish nationality have cropped up again, though it differs from them in that the two restorations of Persian nationality were brought about by open revolution, and were also connected with a national religious movement. But the last circumstance is owing to that invariable law of the East which makes nationality and religion identical.

On the whole, then, history does repeat itself a good deal in the various ups and downs of the same nation. But cycles of this sort must be studied with the same allowances and with the same warnings as ordinary historical parallels. The points of difference must be carefully noted, but, after all, the fact that we note the points of difference is the surest proof of essential likeness.

#### COURT DRESS.

THE great author of the Clothes-philosophy left his work half done. He sketched out a subject of vast importance, and gave many pregnant hints to the world through his brilliant disciple. But he either failed to form his philosophy into a consistent and coherent system, or rather—for we can scarcely suppose a true German to have stopped short in the road to a complete system—his interpreter doubted the digestive capacities of the British public, and only threw before them some specially racy morsels by way of whetting their appetites. Thus Herr Teufelsdröckh's remains present many keen flashes of insight, but lay down no body of rules which might enable persons devoid of his powers of intellectual vision to judge of the phenomena of dress. We have to grope our way in the dark, and decide more or less at random, in the absence of a settled philosophy. A stimulus should be given to our researches by the curious coincidence of a new code upon Court dress appearing simultaneously with a new edition of *Sartor Resartus*. We should of course fail in the attempt to moralize on the circumstance in the fashion of the clothes-philosopher; as, in truth, there is no more detestable dialect in all literature than imitation Carlylese. Yet, standing on a humbler platform, and speaking the language of common life, we may possibly deduce one or two useful lessons.

The fundamental theorem of the clothes-philosophy asserts the existence of a necessary harmony between the human being and his artificial covering. Tell us how a man dresses, and we can infer with certainty his character and intellect. What is true of the individual is equally true of the race. Physiologists explain the presence of certain apparently useless organs by the supposition that they are inherited from remote progenitors living under different circumstances. In a precisely similar way, it has been suggested that the mysterious pair of buttons which ornament the small of a gentleman's back once discharged the useful func-

tion of supporting a sword-belt. They are rudimentary organs, which have persisted long after their use has been forgotten. They would thus testify to the former existence of a military instinct which is now so far extinct that swords are no longer part of our habitual costume; just as distinctly as a rudimentary claw would prove that an ancestor of the animal examined had been in the habit of scratching. If we take a more general view, there is nothing which marks the progress of society more distinctly than the change of fashion in dress. What, for example, can be more characteristic of the good and evil influences of our time than the dying out of provincial and class costumes? Feudalism will not be quite supplanted by modern ideas so long as the British peasant continues to wear a smockfrock. As soon as he becomes conscious of a sphere of life outside of his own village, or as soon as a passive submission to his position is changed for a desire to rise in the world, his altered temper will be marked by the final abandonment of his ancient dress. He will indulge in a humble imitation of the garments of the class above him, and one more characteristic figure will be missed from amongst us. We complain often enough of the disappearance of this and other more picturesque dresses; we are sorry to see the national dresses of Switzerland or the Tyrol superseded by a bad imitation of the one European model; and we look forwards with horror to the time when every male biped on the planet will be arrayed in chimney-pot hats and such garments as are supplied wholesale by advertising firms of tailors. Conceive of many millions of human beings any one of whom might have come straight out of Messrs. Moses and Son's vast commercial emporium! Will they not be wearing the livery of a bondage in some respects more degrading than that of old-fashioned tyrants, and give a palpable proof that vulgar commonplace has conquered the earth, and entered into the souls, as well as disfigured the outward appearance, of all its inhabitants? Students of political philosophy will recognise another manifestation of that tyranny of the majority which supplies so many prophets with doleful forewarnings. The future presents itself to their minds in the image of a Dissenting preacher clad in rusty black, and ordering all men to apparel themselves in his likeness. Already it requires more courage to walk across the Parks in eccentric garments than to march up to a battery in the midst of a crowd dressed after a single fashion; and every day helps to extend the reign of monotony, and reduce the distinction between different classes. It is long since each generation has had to repeat the complaint that it is more difficult to distinguish a gentleman from a pickpocket, and every one has insulted some spotless guest at an evening party by confounding him with the waiter behind his chair. Is not the concession to human weakness granted by the new regulations for Court dress one step more in the downward career? Thackeray somewhere remarks on the inexpressible dignity conferred upon our Sovereign by the fact that men could not enter the Royal presence without a tail. That distinction has fallen before the desolating advance of democracy, and now it seems that we are to be permitted to meet our gracious ruler without exchanging the trousers of domestic life for knee-breeches. We may attend a levée or a drawing-room in "black silk velvet trousers," or even in "dark-coloured cloth trousers of the same colour as the coat." A few more innovations, and even coachmen will abandon wigs; and the Judges, the Bishops, and even that most venerable of mortals, the Speaker of the House of Commons, will begin to tremble for the security of their gorgeous apparel. Nay, it is even possible that the beautiful flunkies who delight the public by the sight of their brilliant plush and their manly calves may begin to grumble at the ornamental costume which now enhances their charms. When we think of this reckless admission of trousers, we have still deeper reasons for regret, for surely the substitution of trousers for breeches illustrates one of the darkest sides of what we are pleased to call progress. It is the triumph, not merely of monotony over variety, but of ugliness over beauty. It is the meagre and stunted part of mankind forcing the better made to surrender their advantages, and to hide shapely limbs under the monotonous black cylinder which may conceal either beauty or deformity. If our fathers had good legs, they showed them; we put the spindle-shanked and the muscular on the same level. We, in the words of the poet, "shift and bedeck and bedrape us"; our fathers were "noble and nude," if not precisely "antique." They, we may say, "were fair in the fearless old fashion, their limbs were as melodies yet." We are reduced as nearly as may be to mathematical diagrams, capable of being dressed like the philosophers of Laputa, by help of a theodolite and a table of logarithms. If George IV. was not a model ruler in all respects, he had at least most undeniable calves, and displayed them freely for the loyal admiration of his loving subjects. Where is it all to end? Ladies still preserve a taste for the beautiful, though they too echo the complaint that the distinction between classes tends to become, at best, a mere distinction in costliness, not in fashion. But who can say how long it will be before women too find out that love of dress is frivolous, and hasten to the poll in some uniform as ugly and monotonous as that of their brothers?

We fear that it is impossible to give an entirely satisfactory answer to such lamentations. Yet something may be said for those who persist in hoping for the welfare of their species. Undoubtedly we are losing something that can never be replaced. Provincial dialects and costumes and characters are rapidly decaying as man becomes a more cosmopolitan animal, and the little backwaters and side-eddies of human life are carried away in the main current. The Tyrolean peasant, with his blackcock's feather and his graceful

dress, will pass away when the flood of tourists fairly bursts into his valleys, and his grandson will perhaps be indistinguishable from the driver of a London omnibus. The old social castes are being rapidly ground to powder in the democratic mill, and their outward signs must disappear with them. The first result must necessarily be a painful increase of monotony, and a disappearance of many characteristic figures surrounded by pleasant associations. Yet it is possible to look forwards to a more reasonable state of things developing itself by degrees. We still suffer from the anomalies of a revolutionary epoch. The working man is discontented with his position, and is anxious to throw off the badges of his disgrace. He dresses exactly like his superiors, in order to prove that one man is as good as another. In the Millennium, when everybody is perfectly satisfied with the social order, no one will be ashamed of wearing a distinctive and appropriate dress. Bad manners are the product of a state of society in which nobody is quite at ease, because class privileges are dying out and consequently ill-defined; and the attempt, so often ridiculed, of every social stratum to ape the dress of that immediately above it, is the natural expression, in terms of coats and trousers, of the discontent which can only cease when we have somehow reached a position of comparative equilibrium. Bad taste in dress, like the disorders of our natural integuments, indicates the presence of some morbid humour which we may hope will be gradually absorbed in a healthy constitution. This, however, is a speculation which can only refer to a distant epoch. We shall probably work out a sound system of dress when we have learnt to paint pictures and build houses and form political constitutions to the general satisfaction of the country. Meanwhile it is tolerably safe to congratulate ourselves on the disappearance of distinctions which have ceased to correspond with any real beliefs of mankind. Court dress must always remain at a certain distance from that of ordinary human beings, so long as we have any genuine loyalty; yet it is well that it should follow the ordinary costume of the period at as little distance as may be. It is doubtless difficult to measure the intensity of reverence indicated by taking off one's trousers and putting on a sword and a pair of breeches. Does the difference, for example, between trousers and breeches fully express the awe produced by the presence of royalty on a devout believer in the divine right of kings? We hesitate to express any opinion on so knotty a question; yet, when we endeavour to realize the extreme reluctance with which we should undergo such a transformation in presence of any mere mortal, we are inclined to think that this would not be a violent hypothesis. Seeing, therefore, that we are still sincerely loyal, and yet by no means believers in that dogma in its extreme sense, we should say that some mean term between breeches and ordinary trousers will be the fittest expression for our feelings. We therefore approve, so far as we can venture to judge, of the happy medium discovered in "black silk velvet trousers," or even in "dark-coloured cloth trousers, with a narrow gold-lace stripe on the sides."

#### BOYS.

A HIGH authority has counted, among the drops of bitterness in the cup of every prosperous and successful life, the vexation of spirit which a man experiences from the reflection that it is an even chance that his son will turn out to be a fool. The sting of the possibility seemed keen enough to make the condition of the father who, owing to the happy accident of being a fool himself, enjoyed an immunity from its pain, almost an object of envy to the philosopher. Modern experience has done nothing to shake the basis of the ancient Oriental calculation, but has, if anything, somewhat strengthened the probabilities against the intellectual application of the physical law, *fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*. There is more than an even chance that the wise man's son will be a fool; and the wise man, knowing this, will exhibit his wisdom in taking his luck and making the best of it, rather than in "hating life" because the chances of its dice are against a high intellectual throw twice running in its generations. To a man of the ordinary stamp, who is not wise except in a broad and liberal application of the word, but who is at least equally far from being a fool, the probable future of "the man that shall come after him" presents a problem of constantly increasing interest through the years of middle life. The throw of his own career, directed by the hidden influences of birth and training, education, natural capacity, and casual surroundings, has turned up the working average of seven; it might have been better, but then it might have been worse, and he has nothing to complain of. But he knows that the chances for his son are just as good in favour of a higher cast as against it. He finds in the golden mediocrity of his personal experience a level and pleasant standing-point from which he can contemplate the future at much greater ease than falls to the lot of the philosopher in his more exalted height; and if he uses his opportunities he will not find himself without very fair means of guessing—for knowing is necessarily out of the question—whether his son will be a wise man or a fool in comparison with himself. The balance of judgment will naturally always incline in the more favourable direction, and will have to be corrected accordingly, so that such indications of opinion as a man may gather from his neighbours will be useful in qualifying his own. A man who is either consciously or by common consent himself a fool will occasionally be found to take umbrage at the conventional hope which may be expressed to his son in his hearing, "that he may turn out a better man than his father"; but the



invariable intention to compliment the parent in the use of a phrase so very uncomplimentary at first sight is a sufficient evidence of the generally understood bias of the parental desires. There are few, if any, men worth taking into account to whom it is not a source of positive pleasure to be distanced by their sons, and to whom the chance of such a result is not a sincere gratification in prospect. It would be impossible to be thoroughly in sympathy with boys without some such anticipation, and the feeling may often be detected underlying the coldest and most rugged outward manner. It will never be found safe to calculate on its absence, and a slip of this sort may bring its author to condign and uncompassionated grief. In the early days of the great Oxford religious movement, it chanced that a funeral sermon had brought within the range of a leading Nonconformist preacher several lads who were enthusiastic followers of the new school. The good man poured volley after volley mercilessly into them, conceiving himself to have the hearty support of all the seniors in the family. At length, in an evil moment for himself, he was seized by a prophetic afflatus, and assured the row of Tractarian youths before him that neither in worldly prosperity nor in mental powers had any of them a chance of attaining the standard of their venerable progenitor. He had reckoned without his host; he was hardly out of the pulpit when he was brought to a humiliating apology by the offended seniors, who gave him pretty sharply to understand that his prophesying was considerably more mistaken than their nephews' opinions, however "unsound" these might be.

To any one who does not care to throw himself into the future of his children, and to watch its germs in their present growth, the holidays must be an unmitigated affliction. But we must correct our antiquated expression. We had forgotten, for the moment, that there are no "holidays" now; we mean, of course, the "vacation." "Holidays" have vanished with "the half" into the limbo of forgotten religions; "vacations" have come in with "terms"; and the school year now, like the *Gallia* of our boyish recollections, *est omnis divisa in partes tres*, or, as the traditional construe had it, "is quartered into three halves." We do not like the change, but *factum valet*, and we take it as we find it. The new vacation seems not to be prized as the old holidays were; and the contrasts presented between periods separated by intervals of twenty weeks were far more distinctly marked than they can be when the interval may at times be little more than ten. The distinct stages of growth are less appreciable, and require a closer and more careful examination. On the other hand, the great change in the modern system of school-life, of which the "term" is but a chance accessory, has immensely altered for the better the mutual relations of a schoolboy and his father. In the miserable old *régime* of the private schools, it is scarcely too much to say that this relation was, at regularly recurring periods, that of natural enemies. The boy had no pride in his school, and could have no love for it. Sometimes he simply detested it. He smudged out "amo" and scrawled "odi" in his Eton Grammar, where "the master" was invoked to illustrate the mystery of the accusative case; and very often he did honestly, and from the depths of his small heart, "hate the master." His father all the while held the position of his alternate deliverer and torturer in respect of this monster. At the holidays he rescued him from his power; when Black Monday returned, he "sent him to school" again, and delivered him over, bound hand and foot, to the dreaded thralldom. In the happier days of modern school-life, the father may find that he has something to do in holding his own against the rival worship of the Head Master. The home is the complement of the school, and not the refuge from its sorrows and the balm for its miseries. The interests of the father and son are recognised as identical, and not antagonistic; and the inevitable pressure of the "school-bill" is no longer augmented by the agreeable consciousness that it is regarded very much in the light of a payment for selling your son into slavery, placed only too inconveniently on the wrong side of the account. The holidays which bring back a boy from a public school have become periods each with a special interest of its own. He is glad to come home, of course; it is very pleasant, and like old times; he thinks you a little behind the age, perhaps, and rather out of the world; but there is a peculiar satisfaction in being able to set you right, and he has something to contribute to the status and the general stock of knowledge of the family. He does it in a quiet sort of way, not seeming to notice or expose your ignorance. You happen to speak of a "chimney-pot," with recollections of charming sketches by John Leech associated with the word; and it is by apparent chance that he brings you to the level of present discovery five minutes afterwards, by the casual mention of a "canister." You find out in fifty different ways that he has improved on the old "*Dulce domum*" traditions of your own boyhood, and brings out the perfect form of his "*domus*" in a couple of stereoscopic pictures of which one is his "home" and the other his "house." It is very pleasant to you to find him coming back to you not simply so much bigger, or so much more crammed with Greek and Latin—or modern languages, if you take that line—or with so much improved chances for a place in the House Eleven or the Twenty, but with so much more of what is really in him brought out and developed, and with so much more light thrown on the problem which you are trying to solve about him, as to what he will be fit for, and how he will be likely to turn out. It is quite certain that a good public school will bring out the capacities of a boy, or his want of capacity; and you send him back term after term with the satisfaction of knowing that whatever is in him, whether it is

for a higher or a lower level than your own, is certain to come out under a training which is a great deal better than any other system could provide.

But the holidays are useful in their way, in supplying a want which is obviously beyond the reach of the school. Four or five hundred boys must of necessity be all day long and always in some kind of training, and a boy in term-time can never be out of harness day or night. If there are two sets of harness, one put on under the authority of his superiors, and the other under that of his equals, the result comes to much the same thing in the end. A boy, however, is a wild animal; and the freedom of the holidays affords an important opportunity both for the play of his wild nature and the study of his habits. Three or four wild animals, for a few weeks at a time, are sufficiently under control to let their natural habits have ample play; while four or five hundred together would be as impossible to study as to endure. It may be a slight trial of patience to have your house periodically turned upside down, and a holiday task is probably not without its uses in providing an occasional hour of quiet and a little breathing space; but the nearest attainable approach to an entire freedom to do as he likes is the best way to turn the holidays to account, in learning the bent of a boy's inclinations and testing his prospects for the future. It is weary work, and as unprofitable as it is weary, to chain a little fellow to a table for an hour's dismal grinding over Cæsar or Xenophon, when all the while he is longing to get back to a big piece of wood which the carpenter has given him, and on which he is labouring to perpetuate his last summer's recollections of Ryde and Portsmouth, especially when you know that the boat will turn out a success, and the translation very much the reverse. The holidays, when a man may have his sons under his own eye, supply a material link in the chain of probabilities whether a lad will turn out a wise man or a fool, and in what line he may get the best chance for himself; and in the public-school harness of the term lies the best security that the wild animal may be left without risk to follow his own instincts at home.

In one single direction the traditional antagonism between boys and schoolmasters remains in full operation, and the closing up of all other channels would appear to have given additional force to the escaping energy in this. The boy of the period has an intense and unrelenting hatred for his books. He holds intuitively the old philosophic doctrine, of which he never heard, that evil resides in matter; and his books, which are the material causes of his intellectual torment and of the restrictions upon football and cricket under which he groans, are punished and maltreated with the persistency of blind revenge. He scrawls over them, and inks them, and knocks them generally to pieces with a contempt for their feeble powers of resistance which in the days of his father and grandfather was unknown to the schoolboy mind. An Eton Grammar or Delectus in its stout leather cover, and still more a bulky Gradus of the good old Latin sort, "*ab uno e societate Jesu*," had got plenty of fight in it, and could do as good service on the outside of your neighbour's head as it was supposed to be capable of doing on the inside of your own; while its feeble representative, or descendant, in a flabby cloth binding is good for nothing as a missile, and is knocked out of time and stitching if it has only the misfortune to fall on the floor. The casualties of school-books in consequence are alarmingly on the increase, and the parental taxpayer grumbles seriously as the terminal school-bills come in, and the new levies to replace the killed and wounded have to be found and paid for. Not that grumbling on the subject is likely to be of the slightest service, as it falls on the unsympathizing ears of publishers and teachers who find in every smashed "Primer" an additional "trade" at twenty-five per cent.; and the old leather covers may therefore be sighed after in vain. Upon relics such as a *Cicero de Officiis* of 1778 now before us, or still more, an old Gradus, with its perilously un-Protestant title-page, and with a venerated name written in schoolboy characters of the last century above that of its later possessor, we can only look with a regretful tenderness which our grandsons are not likely to know. An old school-book is a strangely touching link between the past and the future. It will often, with its characteristic marginal embellishments, reproduce vividly, as nothing else could, the boyhood of a man who has left on the world which he has quitted the abiding mark of his maturity; and it may serve to remind the men of another generation, watching with anxious interest the impending and doubtful hazard for wisdom or folly in the case of their sons, of a period when the like uncertainty hung around the future of their fathers, to be dispelled in time by an issue which remains as their own noblest inheritance.

#### COUNTRY-HOUSES.

COUNTRY-houses may be divided into two sorts—houses that are not only in the country but of it, and houses that have nothing countryfied about them but their situation. There is the real and the phenomenal, the pure and the hybrid, the genuine and the counterfeit country-house. Each is swayed by a characteristic idea. In the one, this is conformity with immediate surroundings; the assimilation of the life that is lived in it to its local setting, the cultivation of appropriate duties and residential tastes. When a man is in the country, it would have him think the thoughts and do the things of the country. The leading idea of the other is to minimize the accident of position, or to drop

it altogether; to treat the landscape as a scenic accessory, and to aim merely at creating a receptacle for a series of brilliant immigrations from May Fair. There are common features, of course, in each. In both you dine and sleep well. Both provide their male guests with riding and shooting, their female guests with gossip and dancing. But, as you pass from one to the other, you are conscious of a subtle but perceptible change in the social atmosphere. One is of the province, provincial; the other of the centre, Londony. In one you inhale a comfortable or stately bucolicism; in the other, the *largior aer* of the fashionable world. The "note" of one is rusticity; of the other, Belgravianism. One regulates its scheme of life by county standards; the other owns no allegiance to any sovereignty but that enthroned in Pall Mall. In one you detect, however exquisitely sublimated, a whiff of quarter sessions; a breeze of imperial or even cosmopolitan interest ripples the other. "Country-houses for our sterling country neighbours" is the motto of the one; "country-houses for agreeable people from town" is the motto of the other. The one offers a certain amount of novelty, in the shape of a fresh stratum of unexplored bumpkinism. The other is a mere annexe of Fop's Alley and the Clubs; the revival, with a changed *venue*, of the last fashionable or political reunion of the season. As an instrument of social enjoyment, each of these types has its advantages. But which of the two is the preferable model for country hospitalities must depend on the tastes and idiosyncrasy of the visitor.

There are times when the most inveterate haunter of town yearns for a plunge into the deep, deep country. In some such mood, weary of advanced civilization, you accept the invitation of your old family friend, Sir Pompous Broadacres. It is wonderful what a social transformation a few hours in the train effects. You are dropped into Arcadia, or all that remains to the nineteenth century of that delectable figment of classic fancy. Your host is a kind of gentlemanly old Satyr. Your hostess is a plump and maternally development of the sylvan Diana. The young ladies are placid and decorously attired Hamadryads; the son of the house a Faun in knickerbockers. The whole scheme of life is regulated on bucolic principles. There is something idyllic even about the butler. The landscape is a reality, influencing the character, habits, and tastes of the inmates of the Hall. Here is a group of persons whose daily life is determined by their rural surroundings, to whom the Park and the Opera and the "best set" are as nothing, and to whom field sports and quarter sessions and county balls are everything. They are living the natural life and enjoying the natural pleasures of the country, content to leave their intellectual being to be fed by a rivulet from Mudie. They are eminently the square people in the square hole. There is an artistic propriety about the incidents of their daily round, a pictorial fitness in their background of horses and dogs. The scene is full of territorial colour. Everything from the dinner to the conversation savours of the realty. You sit among squires and squireens, and listen to the fine old English gentleman expatiating on the burdens of land, or the fine old English gentlewoman expounding its traditional etiquettes. What reviewers call the human interest is strictly limited to the area of the county. It is a remarkable proof of the vitality of Anglo-Saxon institutions that a boundary line traced by King Alfred should determine the range of sympathy in a great many modern households. A visiting list framed with exclusive reference to political geography is a curiosity in its way. This is the most salient feature of the country-house pure and simple. In the mouth of your hostess and her daughters "the county" means the one great oracle worth consulting, the only social authority whose fiat is binding, the alpha and omega of gossip and tittle-tattle. Nothing is commonplace, the most trivial things become momentous if they fulfil the condition of falling within the sacred limits. A *mésalliance* in any of the other thirty-nine divisions of England is a matter of supreme indifference; but if a Turnipshire squire marries his cook, every Turnipshire dinner-table rings with it. The transfer of an estate creates more hubbub than a revolution in a foreign land. The squabble about a right of way is more exciting than a conflict between two of the Great Powers. The perpetual contemplation of a glory in which, as a constituent atom, it shares, breeds in the county family a rather exaggerated notion of its own dignity and importance. A county pedigree is regarded as the sole passport to notice. Beauty is not beauty unless it has an hereditary right to sparkle at the assembly-rooms, and wisdom is not wisdom unless it flows from lips inspired by the Commission for the Peace. County exclusiveness has its good side, but to be respectable it ought to be completely person-proof. If Japan is to be taken as the social model, the treatment of all outsiders and interlopers should be equally Japanese. As a matter of fact, Turnipshire is not indiscriminately Japanese in its amenities. Its boasted reserve melts like a snow-wreath when a scion of Royalty, or some great personage, takes up his abode within its borders. Then squire vies with squire for a crumb of notice in the hunting-field, while their high mightinesses the county ladies, and the smaller fry who copy them, scramble for a passing smile from their great neighbour. Evidently, with all its exclusive airs, Turnipshire has more in common with Peckham than it would care to own.

The make-believe or phenomenal country-house is a mere development or corollary of the London season. The rural element is conspicuous by its absence. The trees among which it stands are little more than the pasteboard foliage of a Burford panorama. Neither the vegetable nor the brute creation awakens any

enthusiasm. No one takes much interest in the stables or the Home-farm. A languid dalliance in the pheasant preserves, or a dawdle on horseback, is enough, and more than enough, for its rosewater sportsmen. The social features are quite different from those of the country-house proper. Your host exhibits none of the symptoms of land upon the brain, which is a chronic affection of the genuine squire. There is no trace of the county fetish which enslaves the mind of the squire. Instead of these provincial humours, you have diverting glimpses of the fashionable world during its annual interval of hybernation. One by one the old familiar faces, perhaps rather too old and familiar, reappear. The veteran coquette, with her ringlets and her rouge, whose youth of frolics has mellowed into an old age of cards, is pretty sure to turn up at the whist-table. Here may be seen, refreshed and invigorated by a season of repose, the scheming dowager, like Bruce's spider, spinning for the twentieth time her web to catch an eldest son. Here too, by her side, is her most dangerous rival, the married siren, the wife and no wife of modern society, against whose practised charms her schemes—scheme she never so wisely—have a poor chance. Here the fashionable old maid brings her tating and her scandal, secure of a welcome wherever a vivacious toady is in request. The male guests are recruited from types equally well known to the town. There is the inevitable *attaché*, with his foreign liveliness, and the inevitable guardsman, with his sublime phlegm. Nor would the circle be complete without Fribble and Fal-lal; Fribble with his womanish airs and languid drawl—a pinchbeck Horace Walpole, without wit or taste—and Fal-lal, to whom the Eternal Veracities centre in a charade or a cotillon. Or, instead of being merely frivolous, the tone of the house is literary and political. Then you meet more solid notoriety—the flower of the learned club or scientific society, a stray bishop or judge, a poet or an artist, the latest traveller, the newest novelist, the Minister whom great ladies delight to pet, or, greater far, the official underling, doing Mumbo Jumbo to perfection, and patronizing young ladies with the air of one who has the items of the next Budget in his pocket. All this is magnificent, but it is not country. It is the very negation of country. The whole establishment is genuine London ware. To call such a rendezvous of men and women about town a country-house is a misnomer. It is merely a Belgravian mansion, endowed with the power of locomotion which the flying palaces of the Arabian Nights were fabled to possess, and dropped into green fields.

Which of these two ideals is the most delectable? Which affords most pleasure—the country *au naturel*, or the country smothered in the piquant sauce of town? Merely with a view to enjoyment, all graver considerations apart, is it better to preserve the balance between town life and country life, or to run the two into one? There is much to be said in favour of maintaining the dualism. In the first place, it ensures a wholesome variety. The human mind abhors monotony; however frivolous, it requires at times an alternative. Change of scene is one of its needs. What is still more wanted, and twice as beneficial, is a periodical change of persons. A change of scene without a change of company is a mere mockery. And this is really all that the Belgravian country-house offers to its urban visitor. "Going out" in London, as the phrase runs, means meeting the same persons, saying the same things, listening to the same gabble night after night, often twice or thrice in the same night, during a period of four or five months of the year. This is part of the pleasure, doubtless, but it palls after a time nevertheless. Then no sooner is the season over than, spent and jaded, you are invited to repeat the self-same operation in greater detail, under colour of a round of autumnal visits. Not to put too fine a point upon it, a man must be exceptionally organized to desire to revolve in the same narrow orbit all the year round. Either he is bored to death, or he becomes incurably cliqueish. Merely by way of change, an escape to a simpler and healthier way of living, above all to fresh faces and different voices, the casual intercourse with those twin dignitaries of the parish, the parson and the squire, the incidental amusement which the foibles of their woman-kind afford, even a disquisition on turnpike trusts or gossip about a county ball, is grateful and refreshing. Then too, by investing town and country with a sort of mutual inviolability, the pleasure of London society acquires in its turn a dash of annual novelty. After a period of genuine rustication one returns with zest to a circle of brilliant talkers and exquisitely-dressed women. In the Belgravian country-house this element of pleasure is discounted. A man can hardly throw himself with relish into the full tide of June dissipation, if he has been anticipating it by dribbles all through the previous recess. On the other hand, there are persons whose interest it is to obliterate the country pure and simple, and it is from them that the movement for Belgravianizing it proceeds. The practised conversationalist, for instance, disdains to cast his pearls of anecdote before a country audience. Winter or summer, he must have appreciative listeners of his own circle. The dowager, burning to marry her daughter, frets at the inaction of months of country retirement, and naturally prefers that model of a country-house which affords the most facilities for flirtation, and the best access, to young men of rank and fortune. The pushing woman, who uses her country-house merely as a lever by which to rise, shudders at rusticity in any shape, and opens her doors only to names that figure in the *Court Journal*, and the fashionable wirepullers of the day. But, one and all, these are persons who avowedly make a business, not a pleasure, of society. Consequently, their predilections hardly count for much in a

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speculation as to the amount of mere pleasure which a country-house may be made to yield, and the most scientific means for developing it.

#### CHANGES IN CRIMINAL PROCEDURE.

AMONG the reforms with the proposal of which the new Ministry has been rightly or wrongly credited is the institution of a Public Prosecutor. To this must be added a change in the treatment of professional criminals, which was promised by the Home Secretary in the House of Commons this week. If these two are efficiently carried out, they will together constitute a momentous improvement in the criminal procedure of the country. Perhaps it would be premature to fix the present Session as the time for introducing and completing each of these measures. But it is only echoing the wishes of the whole metropolis, if not of the whole nation, to pray that they may both be completed within the next two years. It is not the language of hyperbole to say that the defects of the existing system are in the highest degree both dangerous and demoralizing. The impunity which it allows to the worst criminals is as fruitful of crime as it is pernicious to society. The only question is, how far can either or both of the proposed remedies prevent the further extension of admitted evils? We suppose no one will deny that the first element in the repression of crime is certainty of punishment. It is only when this is doubtful that crime is embraced as a profession. Make it certain that every one who forges, or robs with violence, or commits a brutal assault, shall be sooner or later apprehended, and you establish at once a powerful deterrent from assaults, robbery, and forgery. Make it certain that the culprit is as sure of being punished as he is of being arrested, and the deterrent is still stronger. Under the present regimen, there is certainty neither of detection nor of apprehension; neither of apprehension nor of punishment. A man walks home at night by a lonely road; he is knocked down and robbed; he rises and gives chase to his assailants, who have several yards' start of him. He loses sight of them round a corner, and stumbles on a policeman, to whom he relates his misfortune. While he is thus engaged, the men effect their escape. The policeman returns, makes a few inquiries, and then proceeds on his beat, leaving the men in possession of their booty. If the victim is a man of energy and persistency, and if he also is a man of observation, he does not let the matter drop. He goes to the station-house day after day, describes his assailants as nearly as he can, puts the superintendents on their track, appears before a magistrate to identify them, and finally is bound over to attend as a witness at the assizes. But not one man in twenty can afford the time to dance attendance at a station-house day after day, or dodge ruffians to their dens, or dangle about an Assize Court or the Old Bailey for a couple of days. And not one man in fifty has perception quick enough to note the form, features, and stature of men who pounce upon him under the sombre rays of a London gaslight. All this constitutes one guarantee of impunity to thieves and garotters. They have their own science of averages, if not as correct, quite as practical as that which is in vogue with the Statistical Society. Then, too, they can count on the operation of other allies beside want of perception and want of energy. A man becomes embroiled with a gang of thieves or coiners. He probably lives near them, and knows them all. He is assaulted and threatens prosecution. No policeman has witnessed the assault, therefore no policeman will help him. He has witnesses, but they are afraid of the gang, and refuse to give their testimony. He is compelled to remain inactive, and a flagrant violation of the public peace remains unquestioned and unpunished. Or it may be he has one witness. On the evidence of this one witness the offenders are punished. But from that day the life of the witness is made a burden to him. He is watched, dodged, persecuted, and harassed out of his mind. He is regarded as the agent of public justice, and is made the victim of private spite. He becomes to his friends and neighbours a frightful example of the danger of assisting the cause of law and order. All these chances and the periods of their recurrence are known to the world of rogues. They lose sight of no conjuncture likely to operate in their favour—the fears of the timid, the engagements of the busy, or the procrastination of the dilatory. All these things, as they know, make judgment most uncertain, and their calling comparatively profitable. Whatever would destroy this uncertainty would, *pro tanto*, impair their profits.

Two changes would do this. One is the greater alacrity and more intelligent supervision of the police. Of this we have spoken before, and will not say more now than that such a change seems to be contemplated by the Government, and will probably be realised in the appointment of four Chief Constables. The other is the appointment of a Public Prosecutor. At present, the victim of offences committed against the law of the land has, in addition, to bear the onus of vindicating it. We see the results. Either he incurs odium by his prominence as an extra-official functionary, or he is injured in his business by the strange duty cast upon him, or a sergeant of police has to take upon himself the duties of an Old Bailey attorney. Much has been said in disparagement of the conduct of criminal prosecutions by the police. With this depreciatory language, for which Old Bailey advocates are responsible, we do not agree. Considering what is the number of criminal prosecutions annually instituted, and mainly prepared by the police, at Quarter Sessions

and Assizes throughout all England, we think that, on the whole, their conduct of them is admirable. Still, it is not the policeman's business to be an assistant public prosecutor. He is too much interested in the chase; he follows his game at times too keenly, and sometimes it is the wrong game. Then, if he is young, ambitious and excitable, he is under the temptation to remember things as the counsel for the prosecution wishes him to remember them; and this entails either an ignominious defeat or a dishonourable success. Again, the latitude he enjoys in preparing his cases exposes him to the temptation—or, what is equally bad, the suspicion—of abstaining from the search after the best evidence against opulent or well-to-do delinquents. We do not say that cases frequently occur of corruption, or anything like it, on the part of the police. Far from it. Their probity is, on the whole, highly laudable. Still, when large powers are left in the hands of a class of men not highly paid, their action towards wealthy offenders must be jealously watched and suspiciously interpreted. With a public prosecutor the case would be different. His parquet would be the receptacle of all evidence, and the source of all instructions. He himself would be above the possibility or the suspicion of corruption. He would scrutinize the evidence and advise on the prosecutions. His inferior agents would have the training and experience of policemen, and would be aided by the regular police. Neither the constable nor the injured person would be placed in the obnoxious position of a prosecutor. Each would be part of a comprehensive legal machinery; and it would be as impossible for the sufferer to waive giving evidence according to his own whim or caprice as it would be for the constable to concoct a case out of his inner consciousness.

Thus the means would be at once multiplied and simplified of bringing a criminal to justice. We have purposely limited our view of the Public Prosecutor's duties to the lower order of criminal cases. How useful he would be in bringing to justice the highest class of financial delinquents, we need not indicate. We speak now of his lower functions only. But though thus much were done, still, if nothing more were accomplished, much would be left undone. The great question of dealing with criminals would indeed be imperfectly solved if only their judicial trial were made more certain. What is to be the nature of their punishment? What its duration? It is tolerably well ascertained by this time that the tyro in crime is not reformed by confinement in a gaol. If young, he comes out worse than he went in, and is sure to be committed again. A second committal is notoriously the entrance to a career of crime. From the moment of his second discharge, the convict is sure to pass the remainder of his days between crime and imprisonment. His whole life is divided between getting into gaol and getting out of it. And each time he goes in, he finds willing pupils to profit by his lessons; each time he comes out, eager associates to help him in his enterprises. As years pass on he becomes, not, perhaps, a greater proficient in his profession, but more incapable of any other calling. He knows nothing else, and cares for nothing else. His mission is to prey upon society; while, in its turn, society considers its mission to be sending him back to confinement and hard labour. So the two alternate between the repetition of continued wrongs and useless penalties. Why is this? Simply because it is the principle of English jurisprudence to blind itself to the faults of the most notorious offenders. It is like a prim but good-natured spinster who will not believe in any naughty deed which she has not seen done herself. It measures the guilt of a culprit exactly by the term of his imprisonment. If he is sentenced to five years' imprisonment, it looks on him as guilty during that period, but not one moment beyond it. He comes out as guileless and lamblike in the eyes of British law as he was before he was ever arraigned. He issues out of gaol like the rising sun, to run his bright career again. A neighbour who taunts him and a policeman who watches him are liable to an action and a censure respectively. Of conditions so favourable as these the hero of a score of burglaries is not slow to take advantage. The touching confidence of the law is repaid by conduct which is more largely flavoured with a coarse self-interest than with a refined gratitude, but which the public is beginning to recognise as both impudent and vexatious. Putting aside the not inconsiderable number of persons whose precarious subsistence depends on their dexterity in conveying the property of others, the world is awakening to the conviction that the blindness of English law is both stupid and inconvenient. It asks why people who are notoriously criminal should habitually be presumed to be innocent, and why the dens of land-pirates should be deemed sacred against the visitations of the police? The difficulty now is not how to scheme a fitting remedy, but how to regulate the application of the remedy. The Irish system of licenses is quoted as a success, the English ticket-of-leave system is notoriously a failure. We confess that we suspect the Irish system is not quite so successful as it is represented to be. Probably many of the Irish ex-convicts leave Ireland on the expiration of their penal terms, and recommence their careers in England. Else why should two systems so nearly alike bear such different fruits? The subject of penal servitude in England goes through the process of separation, of assigned labour, of marks for good conduct, and of abbreviated imprisonment, the same as in Ireland; but the directors of Irish prisons can only speak of their system and its results in terms of praise, while the ex-convict in England is the bugbear both of the reformers and the administrators of the criminal law. What is wanted for the man who has been twice or thrice convicted of felony is to place such a guard over him as should be placed over any man who has irrepressible tendencies to drunkenness or any other vice.

There are many men with such a weak moral fibre that only the consciousness of being watched and looked after will keep them out of vice or crime. They would, in truth, be best off if they could be shut up for the rest of their days. But then the public is hardly prepared for this sort of treatment. It offends equally against the popular notions of justice and of economy. A city of prisons and an army of warders would be required for the proper execution of such a plan. The next remedy is a system of long sentences, capable of curtailment according to the good conduct of the prisoners. But this opens out a vista of prison dodges, clever hypocrisies and chaplains' delusions, with which we are all too familiar already. At present we see no better check on the hardened offender than vigilant surveillance by the police. His haunts and the house in which he lives should be subject to domiciliary visits by the police; and any man known to be the landlord of houses occupied by criminals, or habitually trafficking with thieves, should be liable to be perpetually visited and examined. This is a novel and unconstitutional, but not an unreasonable, prescription. The evil which it is intended to check is gross, growing, and formidable. The principle which it offends is a principle which cannot be admitted on behalf of men whose every known action favours the presumption of their criminality. In the hands of raw and ignorant constables such power might be abused; but by men of courage, intelligence, and probity—men of the type of Serjeant Mason, for example—it could be used only for the public good. Neither do we see why the most deterrent of punishments, flogging, should be forborne in the case of those who live on the fears and property of others. If some stringent measures are not adopted soon, the rogues and ruffians of London will have the metropolis at their mercy.

We cannot, at the same time, abstain from pointing out that society is itself in part responsible for the multiplication of rogues and robbers. It has, by its ill-judged almsgiving, pampered mendicancy until it has sapped the self-respect of the poor. When that is gone, the road to crime becomes easy and smooth. There are two millions sterling annually expended, more or less wastefully, by charitable institutions in London, besides thousands more flung prodigally at every impostor who lugs a wretched half-naked child after him, and then people wonder that so many of the poor turn with disgust from a life of honest industry. Every professional beggar is a possible thief. So long as indiscriminate almsgiving continues, so long will there be a rich crop of beggars, paterers, thieves, burglars, and garotters.

#### A UNIVERSAL COINAGE.

MR. BAGEHOT has reprinted as a pamphlet the criticisms which appeared in the *Economist* on the Report of the last International Coinage Commission. There is little to be said against these papers, except that Mr. Bagehot has himself an apparent craze for one form of internationalization of coins, and is wholly unable to see that the arguments by which he annihilates his rivals are almost equally applicable to himself.

If ever a subject was thoroughly discussed, that of the coinage may be said to have been fairly sifted to the bottom. We have had Commissions and Committees without number, to inquire sometimes into the propriety of decimalizing our weights and measures alone, at others into the advisableness of introducing decimal coins. Other inquiries have included both these objects, and, whatever else may be supposed to have remained open, the following conclusions are established beyond all reasonable doubt:—1. That any change in the pound as our unit of account and coinage is inadmissible. 2. That to decimalize coins alone, or weights and measures alone, would be infinitely inconvenient in the doing, and when done would leave us worse off than before. 3. That no satisfactory plan has yet been suggested for decimalizing coins, weights, and measures together, and that the adoption of the French system *en bloc* is not to be recommended. This last is the clear result of the evidence taken before Mr. Ewart's Committee, although the witnesses invited to attend were carefully selected from the known friends of decimalization, to the exclusion of its principal opponents.

It may be wondered that after this a fresh Commission should have been issued on the subject of the coinage. And yet there really was a reason for it. Some Englishmen had been sent to watch, rather than to take part in, the proceedings of an International Conference held with a view to monetary unification throughout the world. That Conference had suggested that the end might be somewhat promoted by a small change in the value of our sovereign, so as to make it equal to 25 francs, instead of 25'20, which is the actual par of exchange. Civility required an answer from our Government, and, before an answer could be sent, the judgment of a Commission was very properly sought for. The Commission, though overloaded with avowed decimalists, contained strong names both in the world of science and the world of commerce; and, except that one member adds rather a singular qualification to his assent, all agree in saying that the proposed change in the sovereign is not to be thought of, and that, if any approximation is to take place between our coinage and that of France and some other countries, it must be by a change in the value, not of our pound, but of their franc. This disposes of the immediate question, but the Report of the Commission deals (somewhat cautiously indeed) with many other points connected with the coinage, the great majority of which had been long since disposed of, substantially in the same sense, by one of the most exhaustive inquiries ever conducted—that of Lord Overstone's Coinage Commission.

A multitude of questions arose. What is the good of an international coinage when you have got it? How far must assimilation be carried before the benefit is reaped? Can this be done on our part, or must the change be made abroad, or partly here and partly in other countries? These and other cognate inquiries are more or less adequately answered by the Report of the Commission and the evidence which accompanies it. There is little to be found which has not been said and printed and circulated at the public expense many times before, and on several points the Report abstains from pronouncing final judgment, and merely sums up the arguments on one side or the other. Except, therefore, on the primary question submitted to it—of changing the pound—to which an unequivocal answer is given in the negative, the Report, though interesting, is no very important addition to the already cumbrous literature of the subject; though on the questions we have specially referred to it serves, in conjunction with the evidence and index, as a convenient guide to the various sound theories and wild fallacies which have so long been afloat.

And first let us try to find out what is the use of an international coinage when you have got it. If France and England had precisely the same coins passing in both countries, an English traveller, on his first arrival in France, would be saved the trouble of going to the bureau attached to his hotel, or elsewhere, to get his sovereigns exchanged for napoleons and francs, and he would escape the uneasy and unfounded suspicion, often entertained, that he was not getting his full tale of centimes according to the exchange of the day. This would be a convenience to the traveller, though a rather slight one, and the same minute benefit would accrue to the Frenchman arriving in England. A further advantage would be felt by a small proportion of Englishmen during the whole period of their residence in France. Those who were intelligent enough to learn to make purchases and calculate in francs and centimes—a habit which (as has often been stated in evidence) our navvies in France generally acquire in a week or two—would, of course, be just as comfortable as if they had carried their own national system of coinage with them, together with their usual store of national prejudices. But it is no doubt just conceivable that some Englishmen might be dull enough not to be able to understand francs and centimes; and an international coinage would, therefore, be a great relief to these exceptionally stupid travellers, not only on their first entrance into a foreign country, but during their whole stay. Perhaps most people will agree that this extreme of dullness is seldom reached, and need not be taken into account; and if so, the remaining benefit would be that which we first mentioned—the saving of the little transaction of exchange at the outset of a foreign journey.

Neither in the Report nor in the evidence can we find a trace of any other advantage which would result from an assimilation of the coinage of two neighbouring countries. We speak, of course, of the benefit to result from identity of coinage *per se*, irrespectively of the question (which we are not considering now) whether this or that system may or may not be worth adopting for its intrinsic merits. We are speaking also, as the Commission was, of the good of international coinage merely, and not of that very different matter, the facilities to be obtained if international coinage were accompanied by identical systems of account, and identical weights and measures; and, thus limiting the subject, we repeat that an international coinage, if established down to the smallest coin, would confer only the insignificant advantage which we have referred to. And in saying this we are saying precisely what the Commission say, although they put it rather more tenderly to those who advocate the craze. After enumerating a variety of advantages anticipated by some of the witnesses from an international coinage, the Report goes on thus:—

It must be observed however that the evidence of the witnesses as regards the manufactures and trades of the country points to an uniform system of international currency, not only of coins, but of monies of account, and, indeed, to an uniformity of weights and measures. Unless this uniformity is effected, the object mainly sought for by the witnesses connected with the manufacturing interests—i.e. that of enabling them readily to calculate and compare prices, and to make out invoices and commercial statements—would not be attained; nor would that of conveying readily the minute details of statistical information.

The conclusion thus stated, indeed, is obvious enough, except to a few fanatical worshippers of everything that calls itself international. Some of these gentlemen seem to have thought that, if the coins of France and England were the same, an English price-current, quoting at so much per gallon or cwt., would be forthwith intelligible to a Frenchman who never heard of those insular measures and weights. This of course is absurd, even on the supposition that we changed not only our coins, but our system of account, and took to quoting in francs and centimes instead of pounds, shillings, and pence; and we need scarcely say that this has not yet been suggested, even by those who propose a partial assimilation of coins. If it were desired to establish a common international language, no one would think he had done much by making the verbs in two languages identical if the nouns and adjectives remained distinct. The language of commerce deals with money, weights, and measures, and an agreement in one only of these elements would tend quite as little to mutual comprehension.

Another craze of some commercial witnesses who ought to have known better was that, if the coins of two countries were the same, all fluctuations of exchange would be got rid of. Nothing of the sort would happen. At present the par of exchange between France and England is this—that the pound sterling is

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worth 25·20 francs; but if a Frenchman owes 100*l.* payable in London, there is scarcely one day in the year when he could pay it with 2,520 francs, neither more nor less, laid out in Paris. Sometimes gold is more in request in London than in Paris, at other times less so; and the money-dealers, whenever the difference is sufficient to pay the cost of transmission and leave a profit, make it their business to ship gold from one country to the other. The Frenchman who wants to pay 100*l.* in London goes to one of these money-dealers, and asks at what price the money-dealer will undertake to pay his debt of 100*l.* in London. The money-dealer has got the necessary funds in the hands of an agent in London, and at the moment we will suppose 100*l.* is worth more to him in Paris than in London; and to save himself the cost of bringing it over, he will undertake to pay the 100*l.* in London for a sum in Paris worth a little less than 100*l.* Accordingly he demands, not 2,520 francs, but perhaps 2,510, or some smaller sum. In like manner, if the flow of bullion is the other way, he charges a little more than the par. This is the actual operation, though it is generally effected by means of the purchase of a bill of exchange. These are the fluctuations of exchange, and it is obvious that they would be just the same if the sovereign were reduced in value to 25·00 francs from its present value of 25·20. Exchange transactions would remain, therefore, even though international coinage were established. Some of the advocates of international coinage saw this, and admitted it, but then they added an ingenious suggestion. "True," they said, "the transaction with the money-dealer would be of the same kind, and subject to the quotation of the day just as it now is; but then 25·00 is an easier number to multiply than 25·20, and there would be a little less trouble in doing the necessary sum." That is true for what it is worth, and it is not worth much. Another man of business had the boldness to add this other plea—"I admit that if I make remittances abroad through a money-dealer or broker, by buying a bill in the usual way, international coinage will be of no help to me; but if I do the money-dealer's business myself, and employ a messenger to carry the gold across the Channel, the same sum in English coins will always pay the same sum in France, and so I shall escape the operation of exchange." That, again, is quite true, but then nobody would ever do it, because there are plenty of money-dealers who are competing with one another, and by competition keeping their charges down, and who are transmitting coin on a large scale in the cheapest possible way; and no messenger would carry a specific sum across unless he was paid for doing it, at a rate far beyond the minute percentage of profit which the money-dealers make. The convenience therefore is one that no one would ever enjoy, unless perhaps under some very unusual circumstances that might occur to one man in a million once in ten years. The traveller, therefore, alone would benefit, and the little convenience to be obtained from an international coinage, even by the traveller on his first arrival, would be almost neutralized if the small-change as well as the sovereign were not made identical, and this has not been suggested. The only thing proposed was to reduce the value of the pound by 2*d.*, so as to make it equal at par to 25 francs.

Substantially, therefore, the answer to our three questions must be:—1. International coinage by itself is of no appreciable good even when carried down to the minutest detail of the coinage, and extended to our systems of account. 2. To derive any benefit from it we must have identical weights and measures as well as identical coins. 3. This comprehensive change, and indeed any tampering whatever with the pound sterling, being inadmissible, the international coinage, if it ever comes, must be attained by modifications of foreign systems, and not of ours.

Probably (and reasonably too) other countries will insist that, if there is to be a change, they cannot submit to the inconvenience of making it; and the International Coinage Convention must, we think, come to nothing except as between those countries where the French system was introduced by force of arms, and where it has already established itself in the habits of the people.

Before leaving the subject we may notice a singular delusion, which has led one of the Commissioners, Mr. J. B. Smith, to differ from his colleagues. A gold coin of 25 francs, if struck in France, would of course contain one-fourth more gold than a napoleon, and this would come to 112 grains, omitting small decimals. Our sovereign contains 113 grains, and the project is to make it one grain lighter. The Commissioners have pointed out very carefully the enormous disturbance which this apparently small change of 2*d.* in the pound would make, and have rejected it on that account. To this Mr. Smith replies—"True, the value of the sovereign must be kept up; but instead of coining for nothing, as you do now, and giving a sovereign of 113 grains to every one who brings 113 grains of Australian gold, you may say that you will keep one grain as mintage for the trouble and cost of coining, and give him only a sovereign of 112 grains. If this were done," says Mr. Smith, "the sovereign, though a grain lighter, would still buy in the market 113 grains of gold-dust, and would have the same current value which it has now, and all the disturbance apprehended of accounts between debtors and creditors would be escaped." That is quite true, but then you would not have an international coin. Your sovereign of 112 grains would be worth, in gold-dust or in any other commodity of the market, exactly what it is now, and it would buy, not 25 French francs, but 25·20, which is the existing par. Mr. Smith, notwithstanding a very

pointed hint given him by Sir John Lubbock, has failed to see that you can't alter the value of a sovereign and keep it unaltered at the same time. As his French friends would tell him, a door must be either open or shut.

#### IRISH CHURCH PROPERTY.

THE Irish Church Commissioners stated in their Report that the annual net revenues of that Church amount to about 584,000*l.*, of which about 364,000*l.* arises from tithe rent-charge, about 204,000*l.* from rents received from lands, and the residue from Government stock or other sources. Of these revenues a considerable portion, amounting to 113,000*l.* a year, is administered for Church purposes by the central Board of Ecclesiastical Commissioners. About 19,000*l.* a year belongs to the capital bodies, and is applied by them for the maintenance of the cathedral fabrics and services. The residue supplies the endowments of the bishops, dignitaries, and beneficed clergy. This statement of the revenues of the Irish Church excludes the value of houses of residence and lands in the occupation of ecclesiastical persons; and if a moderate sum be added on this account, the value of the property enjoyed by the Irish Church would exceed the current estimate of 600,000*l.* a year. The property of the Church has been derived from various sources before and since the Reformation. With respect to property acquired after the Reformation, from Royal or Parliamentary grants, or from the gift of private persons, the Commissioners have inserted in an appendix to their Report such particulars as were conveniently accessible. This appendix has been only lately published, and it supplies information which may be useful in discussion of the details of any measure for the disendowment of the Irish Church.

Of the lands which yield to the Irish Church, as has been stated, an income of 204,000*l.* a year, the greater part, producing about 142,000*l.* a year, belongs to the Bishops, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Corporations aggregate, and the dignitaries of the cathedrals. The remainder, of which the value is about 62,000*l.* a year, belongs to the parochial clergy. The income arising from the lands of the clergy, although they are generally let at moderate rents, may be considered to represent the improved value. But as to all the other lands of the Church, the income received by the ecclesiastical landlord bears a small proportion to the value. As regards all the lands held by the Church, and particularly as regards those held by the parochial clergy, it may become important to ascertain the times and circumstances under which they were acquired. Some were given by private persons; but the greater part were given by the Crown after the Reformation, and they were for the most part given in those districts of Ireland which, as we know from ordinary history, were selected for Protestant colonization. If we compare the two northern provinces of Armagh and Tuam with the two southern provinces of Dublin and Cashel, we shall find, as might be expected, that out of 62,000*l.*, which is the total annual net value of lands held by parochial clergy, or glebe-lands as they are usually called, 53,000*l.* belongs to the north, while only 9,000*l.* belongs to the south. And if we look at particular dioceses, we shall find in Armagh glebe-lands worth 12,000*l.* a year, in Derry glebe-lands worth 10,000*l.* a year, and in Kilmore glebe-lands worth upwards of 9,000*l.* a year; which, again, is just what history would lead us to anticipate. Having got thus far in our investigation, it becomes desirable to know how much of these glebe-lands were given by the Crown, and how much, if any, by private individuals; and this question, so far as we can discover, has not been directly answered by the Commissioners, although they give extracts from records of grants by the Crown, which are applicable to a large part of the glebe-lands. These extracts are prefaced by an explanation of the various words, signifying different divisions of land, which occur in them. In our own extracts we shall avoid such words altogether; but, in order to convey a notion of the learning which we could show if we chose, we will just mention that, in Cavan, there was used a division of land called a poll or pole, sixteen of which constituted a ballybet. "Each poll contained two gallons, each gallon two pottles, descending even to a subdivision called pints." We are not aware that any allusion was intended by these words to the watery character of the soil; and if they sound in our ears ridiculous, we must remember that the ordinary Irishman kept up the dignity of his patrimonial estate, even if it consisted of only a single acre, by calling it his "country."

In the diocese of Armagh we find Royal grants of glebe-lands of the fourth year of King Charles I., pursuant to the instructions of the late King James I., and to certain articles of 1623, entitled "Orders and directions concerning the state of the Church in Ireland and the possessions thereof, free schools and other endowments, lands given to charitable uses, and other things tending to the advancement of true religion and maintenance of the clergy." The instructions of King James I. for the Plantation of Ulster direct the Commissioners therein named to limit and bound out the precincts of parishes, and to assign to the incumbent of each parish a glebe after the rate of threescore acres for every thousand acres within the parishes, in the most convenient places or nearest to the churches. The grants of glebe-lands in the diocese of Armagh are twenty-nine in number. The first in order is "To John Symonds, Rector of Armagh, three-fifths of the balliboe of Drombybegg, &c." If we turn to the schedules of the Report we shall find that the glebe-lands of the

rectory of Armagh contain 359 acres, statute measure, and yield a gross annual rental of 303*l*. The gross amount of the tithe rent-charge for the same parish is 971*l*, and the church population is 3,438. Another grant is to "Roger Blythe, Rector or Vicar of Termonmagourke," in the county of Tyrone, of lands which appear by the Report to contain 2,006 acres, of the gross annual value of 721*l*. The record of these grants proceeds to state that all these lands "were lately assigned by the Commissioners for the plantation of Ulster, for the augmentation of glebes, and the maintenance of persons having cure of souls;" and they are to be held for ever in free, pure, and perpetual alms, with a covenant by the grantees for the building of glebe-houses. It appears, therefore, that in twenty-nine benefices in the diocese of Armagh, glebe-lands of large extent and considerable value were granted by the Crown to the incumbents in the fourth year of King Charles I. It is not expressly stated in the Report, but must necessarily be inferred, that these grants comprised all the glebe-lands now belonging to these twenty-nine benefices. The total number of benefices in the province of Armagh is 105, so that upwards of one-fourth of the incumbents of that province hold glebe-lands under Royal grants made since the Reformation. In the diocese of Meath we find grants of the fourteenth year of King Charles I. of glebe-lands to the incumbents of twelve parishes. The deed of grant sets forth in a preamble the reasons thereof in language which may deserve attention. The deed recites that, amongst other imperial cases in which the royal solicitude is continually engaged, to spread and establish religion and a sincere pursuit of the Divine name, through all the confines of the realm, is pre-eminent; and this can be done better in no other way than by providing that the ministers and preachers of God's Word, who are continually labouring in the Lord's vineyard under a limited supply of necessaries, should be supported and sustained, without which it is easy to see the decay of religion itself in future. And the deed further recites that the King's most beloved father, the late King James, of happy memory, seeing the tenuity and poverty of the ecclesiastical benefices within his late plantations in the King and Queen's County and Westmeath in his kingdom of Ireland, of his special grace in favour of Holy Church, and that fit and learned pastors and preachers of God's word should be the more readily invited to undertake the care of the said churches, determined to endow the same with an augmentation of certain glebe-lands in the said county. The grant purports to be made in fulfilment of the intention of King James I., with the advice and consent of the Lord Deputy, Thomas Viscount Wentworth, and for the glory of God, and increase of divine worship. In the diocese of Derry we find grants of the second year of King Charles I. of glebe-lands to the incumbents of eleven parishes. In one of these parishes, Ardstraw, the glebe-land comprises 1,040 acres of the gross annual value of 641*l*. In another, Cappagh, the extent of the glebe-land is 1,572 acres, and its annual value 647*l*. In the diocese of Raphoe we find grants of the second year of King Charles I. of glebe-lands to the incumbents of twenty-five parishes. In the diocese of Kilmore we find grants of the same year of glebe-lands to the incumbents of twenty-seven parishes. In other dioceses we find similar grants of the same King.

In addition to these grants from the Crown directly to the clergy, we find a list of "grants of glebes included in patents granting lands to laymen in the reign of King James I." There is an Act of Parliament of the 18th year of King Charles I. which enacts generally, that the lands set out for glebes shall be vested in the incumbents and their successors, and letters patent thereof are to be passed to them "in like manner as is directed in the cases of adventurers and soldiers, and to be of like effect." By another Act of about the same time, all impropriations or appropriate tithes forfeited to the King are settled upon the incumbents of the parishes wherein the same exist or arise. We find intermixed with the grants to incumbents which have been quoted, grants of tithes and lands to the bishops of the dioceses. The total annual revenue derived by the bishops from lands is shown by the Report to be about 73,000*l*. It would be impossible to distinguish how much of this revenue is derived from lands which were the subject of the Royal grants set forth in the appendix. But a paper by Mr. Shirley, one of the Commissioners, shows that these grants must have dealt with a larger extent of lands. He quotes from a manuscript account of the northern bishoprics, written before 1609, which states that the whole estate of the three bishoprics of Derry, Raphoe, and Clogher, together with all the lands belonging to the Primate of Armagh, and the lands belonging to the bishopric of Kilmore, are all carried away from the Church, and are now in the King's hands or of his patentees. The manuscript then proceeds to recommend that these lands should be restored to the bishoprics, and this was afterwards done. "Hence," writes Mr. Shirley, "it may be said that the endowments of the Church, so far at least as the northern bishoprics are concerned, date only from a period long subsequent to the Reformation." There are, as we have seen, other lands in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the corporations, and the dignitaries of the cathedrals. We have no information as to the times and circumstances of the gifts of these lands to the Church. The property of the Church in Ireland may conveniently be divided into four principal heads or classes—namely,

(1.) The tithe rent-charge, amounting, as has been stated, to about 364,000*l*. a year.

(2.) Lands belonging to bishoprics, corporations, or cathedral dignitaries, or in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commission, of the annual value of about 142,000*l*.

(3.) Glebe lands of the parochial clergy, of the annual value of about 62,000*l*, a great part of which was granted to the clergy by the Crown, after the Reformation, in pursuance of a scheme of Protestant colonization.

(4.) Endowments, or annual contributions from private funds. A list of these endowments or contributions, so far as known to the Commissioners, shows endowments to the total amount of 132,000*l*, and annual contributions derived from other sources than these endowments to the total amount of about 7,000*l*.

When the Legislature comes to deal with the property of the Irish Church, it will have no difficulty as to classes 1 and 4. But embarrassing questions may arise as regards classes 2 and 3.

#### THWAITES'S FOLLY.

LORD ELCHO'S interference last night was well timed to remind the various officials—Boards, lawyers, surveyors, and amateur surveyors—who have through the vacation been fighting so briskly the war of the Thames Embankment, that the question, however interesting to themselves, is after all one on which the public will have the last word. As yet the fight has been amusing enough, and the ordinary reader has looked quietly on at the game of check and counter-check which has turned a great public improvement into a mere chaos of blundering and jobbery. But it is possible that amusement may be pushed too far. While we are laughing, the Board of Works is doing; and the tale of what it is doing, as Mr. Layard has recently explained it, is a very amazing tale indeed. When a high official "supposes," from its reckless improvidence, that an Act dealing with the finest site in London "must have been passed in the small hours of the night," when he denounces the project which the Act contains as "monstrous" and "unjustifiable," as "a scheme which would spoil at once and for ever one of the finest sites in the world," it is time to look about one. It is of no use relying on Mr. Layard, for, unluckily, these brave words have a very tame ending. "Government," Sir John Thwaites is good enough to tell us, "has no control over this Board," and the Chief Commissioner of Public Works can only go on to express the pleasure he will have in communicating with the autocrats of Spring Gardens, and using "what personal influence he can" in inducing it to hold its hand for the present. Luckily there is a force to which even hectoring Thwaiteses have in the long run to bow, and that is the force of public opinion. If it be true that Government can exercise no control over the insane blunderings of the Board of Works, the public must take at any rate one question out of the hands of peers and Boards and Chief Commissioners, and that question is whether the Thames Embankment shall be a disgrace to London or not.

We do not in the least doubt about the answer which public opinion will give to this question, nor, in spite of Sir John Thwaites's tall talk, have we much fear of any very desperate resistance on the part of the middle-aged and respectable vestrymen over whom "the Government has no control." But the history of the whole matter is of sufficient interest to tempt us to a little detail. Our interest has hitherto been chiefly drawn to the portion of the Embankment which lies eastward of Somerset House, and in the brisk engagement about the site of the Law Courts the existence of the far larger space which extends from Waterloo Bridge to Charing Cross has been almost forgotten. When cleared, however, as it soon will be, of the tumble-down buildings south of the Savoy, the space between the Adelphi and the river will afford by far the finest site which the Embankment in its whole length presents. It is this particular space which the Board of Works propose to doom at once to utter uselessness and to absolute ugliness. There is a grandeur of absurdity about such a doom which is only equalled by the simplicity of the means by which the end is to be accomplished. The site is to be bisected by a huge viaduct from the Embankment at Charing Cross to an outlet in Lancaster Place, in Wellington Street—a road which will not only run diagonally across the whole space, but, by a singular refinement of ugliness, will rise gradually from the one extremity to the other. It is, of course, only by slow degrees that this perfect absurdity has been arrived at. The first step was what Mr. Layard has ventured to call "a mere assumption" on the part of the Board of Works that the traffic between the Strand and the Embankment, when completed, will be so large as to require additional means of access. It might be as well, he very naturally suggests, to wait till such a necessity is proved before making provision for it; but even granting the assumption, a glance at the map would suggest that supplementary outlets are already in existence. On either side of the great block of the Adelphi streets run down towards the river, and the difficulties of levels and gradients are in some cases certainly not insuperable. Even the Board seem to have been struck with so obvious a fact as this, and, if we understand their official advocate, Mr. Newton, aright, they had included some such arrangement in their Bill as originally laid before Parliament. As to the actual parentage of this remarkable measure, we can hardly wonder that there seems to be some little dispute. "A more impudent Act was never passed," says Mr. Layard. "It was passed by the Government of 1862," retorts Mr. Newton, "of which Mr. Layard was a



member." Whether Mr. Layard was then too busy with the Grand Turk, or whether, as he supposes, the Bill stole through "in the small hours of the night," certain it is that, whatever the merits or demerits of its previous schemes, all the Board gained by its struggle for free traffic was a bill of some three hundred pounds for costs.

It was from this defeat that the wonderful scheme for a diagonal viaduct, to which the whole site should be sacrificed, took its rise. In schoolboy phrase, the Board took its pinch, and "passed it on" to the public. But, wonderful as it is, the first draft of the scheme was more wonderful still. The viaduct was to have passed directly to the corner of Wellington Street, sweeping away a corner of the burial-ground of the Savoy Chapel ere it reached the Strand, and burying the Chapel itself beneath this shapeless mass of earth. Here, however, the first growl of public remonstrance greeted their efforts. What the Savoy had been, what a memorable relic of the past its little chapel is, what historical associations still carry the feet of many a scholar to the dull little quadrangle and the quiet little churchyard which they proposed to mutilate, the retired grocers of the Board of Works can hardly, perhaps, be expected to know. To many, indeed, who have not wholly lost the past in the present, this project of the Board may acquire a new interest in first revealing to them the actual existence of the Savoy. There, however, it is, a mere stone's-throw from the bustle of the Strand, still recalling in its very name the memories of that great struggle for English freedom in which success was only made possible by the utter alienation of the Crown from national feeling, and the subjection of the actual Government to foreigners like Peter of Savoy. In the history of our social emancipation it holds a yet more remarkable place. When our historians condescend to pass from their battles and their Parliaments, and to trace the history of the people, they will find the first revelation of English democracy in that great rising of the peasantry which is now known only in its treacherous suppression by Richard the Second. The burning of the Savoy was the sign of the first popular victory, and the ruined Palace of the Duke of Lancaster shrank into a hospital and a chapel. The hospital went with the frauds of the Reformation; the chapel remains, still a Royal one, and attached, as in John of Gaunt's time, to the Duchy of Lancaster; while by its side another Royal chapel has arisen—the German Chapel, as it is called—in itself an historical monument of the highest interest, if only as marking, what hardly any other relic of the past does mark, the accession of a German house to the throne of England. To sweep this last monument away, and to pitch a huge mound against the very side of its fellow, required a certain audacity of tastelessness and ignorance which we may perhaps venture to style the "note" of the British vestryman.

The growl, however, of the public, backed by the interference of the Crown, had no sooner warned the Board of the sacred soil of the Savoy, than the viaduct found a new issue in Lancaster Place. As a mere outlet, none could possibly be worse, for the traffic of Wellington Street already forms a troublesome obstacle to the general traffic of the Strand; but this is the least of the objections to the scheme of such a viaduct. Its first result, as we have said, would be to reduce to absolute uselessness the whole of the valuable space between the two bridges that we gain by the Embankment. The ground to the north of it—and the value of such ground must be remembered—must remain to the end of time, should this scheme be carried out, a mere deep sunk hole between the Ebal and Gerizim of the viaduct and the Adelphi. Nor could any great public edifice, any line of stately buildings, any expanse of formal terraced garden, be placed in the narrow strip of ground which would be left between the viaduct and the front of the Embankment. In other words, if we adopt Mr. White's valuation of the site, some 300,000*l.* are to be recklessly flung into a ditch. The second result is one which, if less intelligible to the autocrats of Spring Gardens, is of even greater interest to the public. It is that this viaduct will for ever set on the Embankment the seal of absolute and irretrievable ugliness. Nowhere are large and lofty buildings more needed than here, where they might screen from observation the shapeless mass of the Charing Cross Railway-station, and nowhere would such buildings find a finer sight for their display than in the graceful curve of the river front. Not only, however, is their erection to be rendered impossible, not only is the railway-station to be for ever left open to the gaze of an admiring world, but the very curve of the river itself is to be cut across by the diagonal line of the viaduct, and as if this were not enough for human eyes, the huge earthen mound on which it is carried is to rise gradually from the level of the Embankment to the level of Waterloo Bridge. With such an abomination as this in prospect human patience breaks down. We do not wonder that the remonstrance of Lord Elcho and of the deputation which he introduced found quick sympathy from Mr. Layard. There can be no question as to the new Commissioner's love of art, and whether or not we agree with his artistic hope, that the Law Courts may find their way to the river-side, and be continued in "one of the finest series of edifices in the world," we can have little hesitation in echoing his verdict on this barbarous viaduct. The scheme is, as he says, "monstrous." No doubt anything is better than Baron Haussmann and a toll on metropolitan cabbages. It is a great thing to live in a country where the site of what must be the first of our public buildings, the new Law Courts, dwindles into a controversy about easy levels for gouty lawyers, and where a Minister "supposes" that an Act which he characterizes as monstrous and unjustifiable must have been passed "in

the small hours of the night." We are not indifferent to privileges such as these, but not even our gratitude for the possession of a Thwaites can make us swallow his viaduct. The question, as we have said, is whether the Embankment, for which we have paid so many millions, shall be a disgrace to London or not, and about the answer to such a question we can entertain very little doubt.

#### GUSTAVE DORÉ.

THIS "Proteus of Paris" has been seeking of late to obtain for his genius some local habitation in London. Last year two Exhibitions were set apart for the astounding products of Gustave Doré's pencil; and already this year the "Triumph of Christianity" and other works, each remarkable of its kind, have renewed a sensation which the painter seeks, and which the public runs after. The trade in goods of this description succeeds so well that a whole cargo of some of the largest canvases ever seen off the stage will probably be imported into England shortly. At any rate there seems reason to hope that measures will be taken to secure to London an Exhibition which shall be fully representative of the painter's great and varied powers. We are told by an ardent admirer that Doré's "studios, situated in various parts of Paris," "are simultaneously supplied with new pictures"; that "their walls are literally covered as if by magic with some of the most gigantic productions of our time, with paintings of every style and manner, vivid illustrations of Doré's versatility and unequalled artistic powers," &c. &c. This short specimen of rapturous rodomontade may suffice to indicate that Paris will find little difficulty in sparing some few surplus samples for London. Indeed, it would seem quite within the range of possibility that the time may come when most of the great capitals, both in the old world and the new hemisphere, shall rejoice in a special Doré Exhibition. We learn that New York already enjoys the privilege.

The "Triumph of Christianity," exhibited in London this year for a second time, may as a *tour de force* be taken as the measure of Doré's genius. The whole thing is tremendous; unless seen, the possibility of such a picture could not be believed. The characters here assembled are "Christ," "Angelic Spirits," "Christian Attributes," "Ministering Angels," "Gabriel," "Michael," "Hecate," "Thor," "Venus," "Cupid," "Jupiter," "Juno," "Jupiter's Eagle," "Jupiter's Crown," "Phœbus conducting the Chariot of the Sun," the "Bull Apis," "Winged Lions," and the bird "Ibis." A composition which begins with Christ and ends with the bird Ibis is likely to be somewhat heterogeneous and hybrid. As for the "Bull Apis," he may be taken as symbolic of the presumptuous person who rushed in where angels feared to tread. But to demand reverence would obviously be foreign to the whole affair. It were evidently beside the mark to object, in a composition got up as gorgeously as a Christmas extravaganza, that the conception of Christ has little of the divine. It is sufficient for the painter's purpose that the figure, by its stage attitude, is effective. As for the "Angelic Spirits," they may serve to recall an irreverent saying of Goethe, that if all the people get to heaven who expect to do so, the place will prove less pleasant than is usually supposed; there are certainly but few even among the "Ministering Angels" whom we should care to know upon earth, especially in any company where flaming wings cannot be worn with evening dress. Indeed, the painter's conception of angels is but poor and trite; rob the figures of wings, shields, and spears, and they would pass for something less than mortal. With considerable disappointment then we take leave of "Christian Attributes," and turn to the Pagan deities whom Christianity, in her triumph, is in the act of overthrowing. "Jupiter" appears in a kind of Charles Kean character; "Jupiter's Eagle" is like the clipped bird that a certain monarch is recorded to have carried to Boulogne when intent on conquering an empire; "Jupiter's Crown," painted in the act of falling into the mud, might find a place among the regalia at Astley's. In fact the artist evidently designs to bring Olympus, with its machinery and properties, into contempt. Yet Juno is handsome as Menken. Saturn too is a fine fellow, but the old gentleman, unless rescued forthwith, will certainly be run down by the wild horses of "the Chariot of the Sun." Poor Phœbus, seeing that the game is lost, has thrown down the reins; his upturned face of resignation gives signs of conversion to Christianity; his idea evidently is to be taken, like Elijah, straight into heaven at once, including his brass car, which certainly has seen its brightest days. The composition closes with divers monsters such as are carried about in provincial menageries. In particular the "winged lions" make pointed appeal to the sympathy of the spectator; they open their eyes and knit their brows in much amaze, scarcely knowing what it is all about, or what may come next. If this description fails in reverence, the fault is not ours; the subject is perhaps too vast to be compassed by art.

The "Triumph of Christianity" fails of religious character; the work, indeed, judged by the standard of spiritual schools, scarcely escapes irreligion. We look in vain for the purity, quietism, and humility which adorn Christian art in its best estate; we see in the style little in common with the spirit of the early Italian masters—Fra Angelico, Orcagna, Giotto, and others. Yet, if once the mind can be reconciled to the irreverence of modern religious art, this "Triumph" may win a fair share of praise. The Angel Gabriel, poised in mid air, pensive in downcast gaze, and St. Michael, sword in hand, with the swift swoop of an eagle, the wings curved as a half-bent bow ready to speed an arrow in its

flight, are figures of grace and dignity. The whole conception, if mundane, is Miltonic; the grasp of thought is bold, the range through space grand. The treatment too is clever; if the types want refinement and elevation, if the drawing and execution are sometimes careless and even coarse, at any rate it is impossible to deny to the whole performance mastery and force. The artist wields a brush of singular power in the laying on of light, shade, and colour. The refulgence around the central figure is as the glory in Tintoret's "Paradise," or the golden halo which encircles the Madonna in Titian's "Assumption." Specially lovely is the colour, where light falls in silvery softness, and breaks as in opalescent spray shaded by tender blues and turquoise greens. Some of these effects are exquisite, notwithstanding the suggestion of transformation scenes lit by the lime light. Perhaps indeed the whole get-up of the picture has less of Christian sobriety and moderation than of the tinsel of Byron's *Sardanapalus*. The work, however, must be seen by everybody, and when once seen can never be forgotten. It will, we learn, be engraved by W. H. Simmons, to whom was entrusted Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World."

The Herculean labours of this giant among painters will naturally obtain the wondering homage of the multitude. It was some years since calculated that the designs of Doré at the age of twenty-nine numbered forty-four thousand; thus, should the painter be spared to threescore and ten, his works may reach not far short of two hundred thousand. Turner's 19,000 drawings bequeathed to the nation form but a small percentage on such astounding totals, yet the National Gallery possesses one drawing for every working day in Turner's life! The incredible fecundity of the illustrious Frenchman may recall a boast made by Vasari, to the effect that such had been the progress in art that works were in his day thrown off in a single morning which would have cost earlier Italian painters good part of a lifetime to execute. Assuredly Gustave Doré may boast, like Vasari, that so rapid is the advance made by the arts in Paris, that the time has come when in a single hour designs can be struck off which would have cost Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, or Flandrin years to mature. Beyond cavil the great Gustave has earned the right to the well-known *sobriquet* borne by Luca Giordano—*Fa Presto*. We are told that Giordano, with matchless versatility, could assume the style of any master, and that such was the facility of his pencil that a few days sufficed for the completion of a vast altar-piece. But the *Fa Presto* of Paris may take warning from his predecessor of Naples; the practice of Giordano has been held in reprobation by posterity. One more analogy may be drawn from the decline of Italian art. The would-be sacred works of Doré recall a certain picture by Guercino which we have seen in the Gallery of Bologna:—"God the Father; a grand impromptu painting, done in a single night, and put up in the morning!"

Yet pictures which have been seen in London afford cumulative proof—if further proof were needed—that Gustave Doré has seldom if ever been surpassed for creative imagination, for bold grasp of subject, for wide range through space, for suggestive significance in colour, for grandeur in shadowy gloom. Take, for example, a highly poetic "scene from Milton's *Paradise Lost*." The combat between Michael and Satan is ended; night goes down on the battle-field strewn with winged bodies mutilated and gory; the sun, sinking in anger, illumines on topmost hill the white garments, the pinions, and the spears of St. Michael's victorious host. The picture, notwithstanding a certain cold brutality essentially Parisian, is eminently Miltonic. And assuredly the painter's swelling and grandiose style is more akin to Milton and Dante than in accordance with the subtle thought and simple diction of our Poet Laureate. Such a picture as that recently exhibited in London, "Merlin and Vivien," goes far to justify the opinion that the illustrations of the *Idyls* fail to give expression to the Saxon simplicity, the refinement and finish, of Tennyson. But Doré once more becomes himself when he approaches Dante; he is truly Michael Angelesque, even by impatience of detail and finish, in such terror-moving pictures as "Dante meeting Ugolino in the Frozen Circle." He equally rises to the height of the great argument in not a few of the sixty illustrations of "The Vision of Purgatory and Paradise" now before us in the handsome English edition published with Cary's translation. Of the brilliant Frenchman's "Bible" we abstain to speak; it is but too evident that the illustrator of the "Contes Drolatiques" has a free and easy manner which might better comport with scenes from *Don Juan* than with characters in Holy Writ.

The pictures of Doré are, for technical processes and art methods, worthy of observation. His drawing, when inaccurate, is not ignorant, but merely hasty; a critic once observed that his errors are but the random shots of a good marksman. His execution runs into opposites and extremes; sometimes it is blotchy, sometimes careful and close upon intention, sometimes opaque, sometimes transparent. The method of laying on colour is wisely modified according to exigencies. That the artist, however, often affects what is slovenly and ultra may be seen in a certain landscape, "Morning in the Alps," wherein paint has been so loaded upon foreground rocks that a rule measure can alone fairly appreciate the relief obtained. Thus pictures become bas-reliefs. Novel also and startling is the painter's use of light, shade, and colour, as instruments of expression. Highest lights are, as a matter of course, opposed to deepest darks, and warmest tones to coolest shades; sensation is first wrought to the uttermost and then subdued to repose. Doré has certainly, even to a fault, absolute mastery over the science of effect; the methods he uses, if clever, are tricky and altogether too obvious: thus, we repeat, his

pictures have at once the merits and defects of scenes put upon the stage.

Doré as a landscape-painter has won a first position; here, at all events, he gives proof of genius, and nature serves as a wholesome safeguard. Sometimes, indeed, we have thought him greater in landscape than as a figure-painter; at any rate no living artist can throw around the drama of humanity so imposing an array of scenery; nature and man are brought into response and unity. Rivers, lakes, mountains, skies, live upon canvass with even more vividness than on the page of the poet; in fact, these imaginative backgrounds enhance what they illustrate. It were easy to object that Doré tortures nature into heroics and spasms. Still, it is a great gain to get into landscape some colouring of emotion, or even the abnormal character inseparable from eccentricity. The consequent penalty of an occasional earthquake or conflagration would seem comparatively slight to the advantages secured. Doré certainly comes as a relief to the dreary monotony of French landscape, to the hard mechanism of the German school, and to the trivial naturalism of the English. Yet the precise position which this painter—who certainly ranks among the most notorious, not to say the most distinguished, men of our times—may hereafter hold in the judgment of posterity it were premature to conjecture. We can scarcely now determine what exact place in the page of history shall be reserved for the erratic artist whose misfortune it is to follow after the great era ennobled by the classicism of Ingres, the academic dignity of Flandrin and Delaroche, and the pure spirituality of Ary Scheffer. It may remain the lasting glory of Gustave Doré that he is found to be worthy of the Second Empire.

Gustave Doré stands just now as the most startling art phenomenon in Europe; his genius at each turn changes, like colours in a kaleidoscope, into something new and unexpected. The artist, still in the prime of his powers, seems to have reached the point where two roads lie before him—the one of life and truth, the other leading unto death. The fruits of coming years, either for good or for evil, must greatly depend upon whether age shall balance judgment and bring sobriety to imagination, or whether intoxication of success shall betray into more of carelessness and presumption. Henceforth the aim of Doré should be to do but little, and that little well. Seldom in the whole history of art has a painter been under responsibility more grave to resist besetting snares, and to use rare gifts with watchfulness.

#### THE MUSICAL PITCH.

THAT the musical pitch adhered to of late years in our theatres and concert-rooms is higher than is convenient to certain singers, tenors and sopranos in particular, and exactly so to choristers in general, higher in fact than is at all desirable, has been frequently urged as well by others as by ourselves. In 1858 the question was taken up by the French Government, with the aid and counsel of some of the most renowned musicians, among whom were Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer, representing respectively Italy, France, and Germany (no one it seems represented England). The decision arrived at was that since the time of Rousseau the pitch had risen, not in France alone, but, indeed, all over Europe, more than a tone, and that it was absolutely indispensable to lower it. Whatever may be thought of the evidence brought forward by the Commissioners, and especially of that said to have been derived from the scores of "Gluck, Monsigny, and Gretry," which is really no evidence at all, such things being managed more systematically in France than in England, the inquiry led, as we have hinted, to a decision, and this decision was promptly carried out. After much serious debate, a fixed pitch was adopted, and a Report\* issued by the Commissioners, explanatory of the discussion had taken place, as well as of the result to which it had led. The "Diapason Normal," or French pitch, was then formally established by law. Shortly afterwards the question was taken up by the Council of the Society of Arts in London, who called a meeting for the purpose of considering it. This meeting was attended by a number of eminent musical professors—singers, players and conductors; but although a large majority were emphatically in favour of lowering the pitch, and what is called the German pitch was recommended for adoption by the Committee who drew up the Report, nothing ever came of it. It was just so much fruitless talk. A strong opinion had been elicited, but none heeded it. We had no Minister of State, no English Fould, to act with authority in the matter; and so it has rested till now.

Nevertheless, the testimony of three tuning-forks, of various standards, with which Messrs. Broadwood of London supplied the French Commission while the investigation was proceeding, sufficed to convince its members that the English pitch had varied more materially than any other, and was now indeed, according to the Broadwood Fork No. 3, with the exception of that used in Belgium by the band of the Guides, the highest in Europe. This fact is, we believe, acknowledged and deprecated by a large majority of our musicians. Whether the pitch has really risen a whole tone, or more than a tone, since the days of Handel cannot be satisfactorily established; but the history of our own Philharmonic Society, of which we are able to speak advisedly, shows at all events that it rose in England more than a semitone within half a century. In 1812, when the Society was first established, the still existing tuning-forks show

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A, on the second space of the treble clef, corresponding to 867½ vibrations per second. Between 1812 and 1841-2 it advanced no further than to A = 868 vibrations per second; but from 1842 to 1859 it had gradually risen to A = 910 $\frac{6}{10}$  vibrations per second. We need scarcely remind our musical readers (those not more or less musically instructed will care little about the matter) that the pitch of a note is represented by the number of vibrations that produce it, and that the greater the number of these vibrations within a given space of time, the higher is the pitch. The pitch advocated by the Committee of Musicians, &c. at the Society of Arts in 1859 was C = 1,056 vibrations per second, which gives its true A = 880 vibrations per second, or equally tempered A = 888 vibrations per second. This, in short, is what is known as the German pitch, accepted by a congress of musicians at Stuttgart, in 1834—about one-third of a semitone higher than the Philharmonic pitch of 1812, one-fifth higher than the "Diapason Normal," and two-thirds lower than our long maintained orchestral concert-pitch, which is precisely the same as that of the Italian Opera. The German pitch was advocated by some of the vocal and instrumental professors, in preference to what is termed the "Philosophical pitch" of Sir John Herschel and the mathematicians—who would fain make C and A absolute immutable entities, whereas all musicians know that they are mere reflections of caprice and change, and this from the inevitable nature of things; it was advocated as a compromise, to meet the exigencies of certain wind instruments, and differs so immaterially from the "Diapason Normal" that it might be employed with just as much advantage—and even with more advantage, as Dr. William Pole, F.R.S., a distinguished authority, and one of the Committee who drew up the Report for the Society of Artists, suggests in a very interesting letter on the subject—inasmuch as "standard tuning-forks regulated according to its number of vibrations are on ordinary sale" in this country, where the German pitch has been to some extent made use of. At any rate, if the pitch must be lowered, which seems to be very generally admitted, there are three substitutes to choose from—the Philosophical or Mathematical pitch, which is the lowest (C = 1,024), the French pitch, or "Diapason Normal," which is the medium (C = 1,044), and the German or Stuttgart pitch, which is the highest (C = 1,056). Scientific men are unanimous in favour of the first of these, on the ground that the uncertainty of the pitch is even a worse evil than its height, and that if the change be effected, a uniform standard should be established capable more or less of universal application. Musicians, on the other hand, are divided about the "Diapason Normal" and the Stuttgart pitch, between which, however, the difference is so slight as hardly to be appreciable by the finest ear.

It is possible that the controversy which has for some weeks been raging on this question may, for a time at least, conduce rather to evil than to good. It has already given rise to a considerable amount of angry feeling in the professional world of music, and has brought out a quantity of newspaper writing, editorial and epistolary, very little of which is calculated to throw light on the subject, while much has quite the opposite tendency. But a still worse evil than either has resulted. The cry about lowering the pitch has been used by directors of societies, professors of music, vocal and instrumental, and even medical practitioners, as a means of forcing themselves into unwonted publicity. Some of these have done little to advance the cause. Mr. G. W. Martin, for example, director of a body of singers upon whom he has conferred the title of "National Choral Society," anxious to be earliest in the field, and emboldened by the recommendation of Mr. Manns, conductor of the Crystal Palace Concerts, to lower the pitch exactly a semitone, conceived the unhappy idea of acting upon that suggestion without taking into account the indispensable preliminary arrangements. He made his string instruments tune half a note lower, and let the wind instruments accommodate themselves to the alteration as best they might. The organ part was transposed, and the singers, chorus and principals, followed suit. Under these conditions two oratorios—the *Creation* and *Judas Maccabeus*—were performed at Exeter Hall; and, perhaps, on the whole, more unsatisfactory performances were never listened to. Every one employed seemed ill at ease, including Mr. Martin, who had thus attempted to cut the Gordian knot. All that resulted from this very bold and equally ill-advised experiment was a general conviction among professors and amateurs that the change in contemplation—a change which we are convinced must, sooner or later, inevitably be carried out—is not the work of a moment, and cannot be effected by a wave from the Harlequin's wand of any adventurous person who may complacently regard himself as the man of the situation. That Mr. Martin is *not* the man of the situation was proved only the other night, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given, and the old pitch (that is, the pitch of the present day) restored. Mr. Barnby, the performances of whose "Choir" have within the last two years attained some notoriety, did better. Before actively coming forward as a champion of the lowered pitch, he at least took some necessary precautions. Mr. Barnby has been urged on by Mr. Sims Reeves, the original instigator and most zealous promoter of the movement; and what Mr. Sims Reeves frankly and openly advocates is sure of obtaining a fair amount of public consideration. That is, not very long ago, he expressed a determination to sing at no orchestral concerts where the actual high pitch was maintained; and that the unwillingness, or at all events inability, of the Sacred Harmonic Society to comply just at present with his wish led to his withdrawal from

the performances of that justly-esteemed institution, is well known to those who interest themselves in the subject. Nevertheless, we cannot but think that Mr. Barnby, in availing himself of the opportunity thus thrown in his way, would have done more wisely in announcing his concerts without any covert reference to the Sacred Harmonic Society. He is at the utmost a beginner, and, independently of considerations about pitch, has no chance of upsetting the Sacred Harmonic Society, which deserves too well of the public to be lightly set aside, and at any given period can do exactly what Mr. Barnby is doing now, by adopting the "Diapason Normal." The lowering of the pitch is merely a question of expediency, and when that is settled in the affirmative, the money required for altering old orchestral instruments and purchasing new ones will be doubtless as readily supplied by the Sacred Harmonic Society as by the wealthy music-publishing firm represented by Mr. Barnby, which has owed no little of its commercial prosperity to the oratorio concerts in Exeter Hall. Not to digress further, however, Mr. Barnby, who revived Handel's *Jephtha* for the occasion, adopted the "Diapason Normal," and on the whole—although the means and appliances at his disposal, with the short time allowed him for preparation (the French instruments being by no means so easy to obtain as he had anticipated), were necessarily restricted—with a tolerable amount of success. That as the oratorio went on the pitch gradually sharpened, till towards the end it was very difficult even for a practised ear to detect any material difference, is true; but such would be the case, for reasons unnecessary to state, no matter what the pitch adopted. One incident in this performance (to criticize which is not our intention here) caused no little surprise. Notwithstanding the lowering of the pitch to the French adopted standard, a stipulation enforced by the eminent tenor himself, as a condition of his taking part in Mr. Barnby's Oratorio Concerts, and thus lending them the attraction of his name, Mr. Sims Reeves still transposed "Waft her, angels, to the skies" half a tone (from G to G flat), precisely as he had done at the last Handel Festival. By the way, with such touching pathos does this gentleman sing "Waft her, angels," that we earnestly wish he would restore "Hide thou thy hated beams," to which, and not to the recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," "Waft her, angels," is the sequel. None of the music which illustrates the poignant anguish of Jephtha, just as his rash vow is on the point of fulfilment, should be omitted; and no more profoundly expressive air than "Hide thou thy hated beams" exists, even in Handel. But this has nothing to do with pitch. For his next Oratorio Concert Mr. Barnby announces *Elijah*; and as between the first and second performances a sufficient time will have elapsed, it is to be hoped that he may come forward more thoroughly prepared, and that a fairer chance may be offered of deciding upon the expediency of adopting the "Normal Diapason."

Meanwhile scarcely a day passes without a letter or letters to the papers on the subject. Many of these come from persons of no authority, but who by the outside world may be looked upon as possessing authority in virtue of the mere fact of their communications, with signatures attached, having been admitted into print. Some few, however, comprise suggestions worth notice. For example, the letter addressed by Mr. Manns to the *Daily Telegraph*—after the appearance in that paper of what the Crystal Palace music-Director, with a certain air of patronage, terms a "well-intentioned article," but which, though without exhausting the subject, was an article built upon facts—enters seriously into the matter and contains valuable hints; and this was followed by another, signed "J. W." (evidently the production of an orchestral performer), equally suggestive in its way. We need not enter into the historical disquisition in which Mr. Manns endeavours to trace the rise in musical pitch to a desire expressed, two centuries back, of amalgamating the "Chor-ton" and "Kammer-ton"—in other words the pitch that obtained in churches and the pitch adopted in secular music-rooms—because that in no way concerns the present time, or even Handel's time, and therefore has nothing to do with the matter immediately under consideration. Enough that, both from the letter of Mr. Manns and that of "J. W."—the first of whom advocates the lowering of the pitch, while the last is against it—we derive the information that nothing of the sort can be effectually accomplished without money. Mr. Manns, indeed, in the last paragraph of his letter, hits the right nail on the head, and we feel justified in quoting it:—

Would it not be possible for the many solo vocalists (on whose behalf this movement is chiefly set on foot) to assist their hard-worked and badly-paid orchestral brethren, by voluntary donations or a slight percentage on every engagement, in favour of a fund for the purchase of new instruments? Many very able instrumentalists earn little more than two or three pounds per week, and have to support their families respectably, and live and dress as gentlemen. A sudden outlay of from twenty to eighty pounds will be an impossibility to many of them. The different conductors of operas and concerts might form themselves into a committee for receiving and disposing impartially of such funds. Every flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon player, in connexion with the leading bands throughout England, who presented himself to this committee with an instrument of the new pitch within the next six months might through this fund be at least partly reimbursed, and thus induced to assist the movement willingly. The greatest exertion should be made to render the alteration general, as otherwise the mischief would almost be greater than the benefit to vocalists and the musical art, because the pitch would not alone differ in different orchestras, but a proper intonation would entirely be destroyed through the unavoidable mixture of new and old pitched wind instruments.

In the last sentence of the foregoing it will be seen how Mr.

Manns agrees with Dr. Pole, that uniformity of pitch is of more vital consequence than anything else—an opinion in which we heartily concur. In juxtaposition with the extract from the Crystal Palace letter we ought to place an extract from the letter of "J. W." seeing that, though relating exclusively to military bands, it equally takes into consideration the irrepressible question of *quid pro quo*—in plain language, of money:—

Mr. Manns says, "Military bands would merely have to purchase flutes, oboes, E flat and A clarinets, and bassoons," to which allow me to add bass-clarinets, saxophones, and D, not E flat, clarinets. Of course Mr. Manns is aware that the Government does not supply the instruments to our military bands, but that they are purchased by the officers. Now let us see what the expense would be to the officers, if the "pitch" be reduced a semitone. There are 131 bands in the army, exclusive of militia, yeomanry, and volunteer bands—the average number of wood instruments in each band is 12; number of wood instruments required, 2,172; cost according to published lists, 17,376*l.*; deduct 25 per cent., if paid for before the expiration of six months—total, 13,032*l.* This sum is exclusive of the cost for the necessary alterations in the brass instruments. Some of our bands have more than twelve wood instruments, but I think twelve will be found to be the average number. Now, Sir, who is to pay this large sum?

We need scarcely insist that, if uniformity of pitch is considered, as it ought to be, indispensable, the military bands cannot be overlooked, inasmuch as our operatic orchestras are continually reinforced by players on wind instruments who, having attained a certain mark as performers in regiments, seek to better their position by a wider utilization of their abilities.

That the *dilettante* element has entered freely and unreservedly into the discussion about pitch will easily be credited. The strange things that have been said and published, however, surpass belief. Only to name a single instance—we find a writer in an evening paper (which, a week previously, contained a well written and ably reasoned article on the subject) talking after this fashion:—

Let Herr Joachim play a fugue of Sebastian Bach's, first with the high pitch, and then with the lower pitch, before a really intelligent musical audience, in a room where violin music can be properly appreciated, and let the opinion of his audience be taken. We would go even further. With a carefully tuned pianoforte the difference between one key and another is simply one of pitch, and not one of temperament also. Let Mr. Charles Hallé, then, play the last movement in Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, or the Adagio which concludes the Sonata, Op. III.—to our thinking, the greatest of all slow movements—not, as they appear on paper, in the key of C, but in B flat, so that they may sound as Beethoven intended them to sound, and note the impression they will produce, compared with their effect when played up to the present high pitch.

The italics are our own. Passing over the fact that "the greatest of all slow movements" is simply an air with variations, we should like to know what the writer means by "a room where violin music can be properly appreciated," and why the difference between one key and another should be "simply one of pitch, and not of temperament also" upon "a carefully tuned pianoforte," any more than upon a pianoforte that has not been carefully tuned. But this is nothing to the recommendation to Mr. Hallé to play the last movements of two sonatas (why these two sonatas, and why the last movements of these two sonatas in particular?) in B flat, instead of in C. In the first place, they would not "sound as Beethoven intended them to sound," for the reason that Beethoven would never have written the same kind of passages in B flat as he would have written in C, the characters of the keys, wholly independently of pitch (and this our *dilettanti* cannot comprehend), being entirely different. And next, as for the impression which the movements specified would be calculated, thus transposed, to produce on a large mixed audience, "compared with their effect when played up to the present high pitch," we must beg leave to say that the large mixed audience, even with the author of the singular article to which we are referring among them, would be for the most part indifferent to, because ignorant of, the transposition. The same writer, among a number of other extraordinary statements, informs us that "there is not a violin solo, nor a stringed quartet, nor a duet for violin or pianoforte, written by Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn, which would not gain in purity of tone, in fulness, in richness, and, we will add without hesitation, in sweetness also, by the adoption of the pitch which the French have now agreed upon." As if we had not been hearing with delight, not merely the chamber-music, but the orchestral music of these great composers, for the last quarter of a century, more or less at the pitch which it is now thought expedient, and for reasons wholly independent of instrumental effect, to lower. Such arguments as these only tend to confuse amateur readers, and to make the initiated smile. To assert that the music of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven sounds a bit less effective and beautiful now than when it was first written is to assert that which is not a fact. The proof lies in the high esteem in which this music is held; and as we of the actual generation have only been allowed to hear it at the pitch which has so long been maintained, the fact that its beauty and effect are wholly independent of pitch is incontestable. We must be careful not to confound the two questions. Had Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven written at the present day, and with the present pitch, they would have written precisely as they did in their own time, when the pitch was considerably lower, the characters of keys having nothing whatever to do with pitch. But this in no way prejudices the case in point. The question, as we have said, is purely a question of expediency, and concerns professors of music alone—singers, players upon instruments, composers and conductors; and while we are entirely of the opinion pronounced by Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, and others,

at the French Congress, of which M. Pelletier was President—"that the elevation of the diapason is due to the efforts of instrument-makers and instrumental performers, and that neither composers nor singers have had any participation in it"—as singers are most interested in depressing it, we are forced to the conclusion that singers should combine among themselves to raise the necessary fund. They are by far the best paid among those who practise the art of music for a livelihood, and would be the only substantial gainers by the change.

## REVIEWS.

LONGMAN'S EDWARD III.\*

(First Notice.)

BEGUN simply as a continuation of the unpretending Lectures on English History which appeared about five years ago, the Life of Edward the Third has grown into an independent work of some length and importance. Mr. Longman's two volumes afford, in fact, a very fair specimen of a class of historical literature more common in France than among ourselves—the detached "study" of a period or person viewed in greater detail than the general course of history would allow. It is obvious that studies of this kind have both advantages and disadvantages; that, if they encourage closer and more accurate research, they are specially exposed to the danger of hero-worship; that proportion is apt to be forgotten, and the greater currents of history to be lost, while intellectual and moral forces which tell only on long intervals of time are overlooked in the crowd of minor incidents which affect human action directly and at once. But, on the other hand, it is certain that memoirs and biographies and studies of this kind are the feeders of history. It is from the mass of circumstances which gather round them that the historian can alone draw his materials for the larger treatment of the fortunes of a nation. Social facts, above all, can only be revealed by minute researches into the life of individuals, and characters treated in this isolated way acquire a vividness and reality which they still retain when transferred to a broader canvass. In a word, the historian deprived of these outlying aids is like an army whose communications are cut off, and whose supplies have to be gathered on the march. The chances are in such a case that the supplies will be bad in quantity as in quality, gathered at haphazard, and insufficient when gathered. It is not too much to say that the want of preliminary studies of such a kind as this is in reality the great difficulty with which English historians have to contend. We may take as an instance the last work of any magnitude which has illustrated a great period of our history—Mr. Freeman's account of the Norman Conquest. As its readers know, it will, when completed, cover the whole space from the accession of Ethelred to the death of the Conqueror—a century of memorable events and remarkable men. But over the whole of this space Mr. Freeman moves with hardly any other help than his own personal research. No scholar has cared to tell the story of the final struggle with the Dane, or of the reign of Cnut, or of the extinction of the first foreign dynasty. When he arrives at Godwine, Mr. Freeman finds indeed the ground prepared, but it is by some old papers of his own; Harold has found no *vates sacer*, the Confessor is left buried in the legends of Westminster. One or two archaeological papers of little or no value alone represent the literature of the great battle which decided the after fortunes of the realm. Only the sketchy chapters of Thierry tell the story of the Norman settlement; the most worthless biography in the English language, that of Mr. Roscoe, remains the one biography of the Conqueror. The case is still worse if from the outer aspects of history we pass to the inner—if we ask for memoirs on the literature, the laws, the religion of the last period of Old-English history. Dean Hook's paper on Bishop Wulstan is a solitary contribution to our knowledge of the last; the two former subjects have not even found a Dean Hook. And yet it is precisely these phases of national progress which demand the previous labour and smelting of the special inquirer; it is impossible even for industry like Mr. Freeman's to cover singly the vast field of society and intelligence through which he passes, and the result is, in one after another of our historians, the sense of something wanting—a want of "the one thing needful," the moral and spiritual life without which history is nothing but an old almanac.

We are quite ready therefore to welcome such a special contribution to historical knowledge as Mr. Longman has made in the present work. The book has real merits—the merits at any rate of accuracy, of industry, of good sense. There is very little hero-worship about it; a certain sobriety of judgment and calmness of tone saves its author from raptures over chivalry or a rapid imitation of the picturesqueness of Froissart. An evident effort is made throughout to teach at least the social and industrial life of the people itself. But while we are quite ready to fling aside the "picturesque incidents" of the story of our childhood, we could have wished that Mr. Longman had been able to invest the facts which he details with an interest as vivid though more true. Seen through the spectacles of chivalry, no doubt the reign of Edward is merely a pretty sham

\* *History of the Life and Times of Edward the Third.* By William Longman. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.



and delusion, but we are afraid that ordinary readers will prefer to retain their delusive spectacles till the historian can exhibit his facts in an order at least as attractive as the old. Such an interest will hardly be discovered till he is willing to stop at home instead of seeking his interest in Cressy and Poitiers. Some day, let us hope, it will dawn upon writers and readers that the history of England is to be found, not in France or Germany or America, but in England itself; that there is yet a story to be written which never has been written, and that that is the story of the people amongst whom they live; that the enfranchisement of English boroughs by Richard Lion-Heart is more important than his Crusade, the printing-press of Caxton than the wars of the Roses, the preaching of the Wesleys than the contests and friendships of Pitt and Newcastle. When that day arrives it may possibly be discovered that Cressy and Poitiers are among the most insignificant facts in the period of English history which we call the reign of Edward III. We may be content to loiter over the pages of Froissart, as of old, without taking the conception of society and events which gives us the measure of aristocratic intelligence in the fourteenth century as the precise measure for our own. The rise of a great trading class on the ruins of the purely feudal baronage will occupy the first place in the narrative of the time. The mighty social, intellectual, and religious revolution which produced Chaucer, Wycliffe, and Lollardism will form its close. Mr. Longman, with all his details and summaries and careful notices of Acts of Parliament, feels round the edges of questions of this sort, but without a frank acceptance of them as the basis of his work. The result is, as we have said, a sense throughout of accuracy and justice, but with this a sense of coldness, a want of enthusiasm and breadth of view, which throws a certain weariness and languor over the book. Such as it is, however, we are really grateful for it.

It is, we suppose, the original character of Mr. Longman's history as a mere continuation of his previous lectures which must account for the strange omission of the whole of Edward's life before his accession to the Crown. The omission, however, is a singularly unfortunate one; for it is in the aristocratic revolution which seated Edward on the throne that we must look for the real key to the earlier history of his reign. The victory of the baronage at once over the people and the Crown which began at Evesham, culminated in the deposition of Edward II. It is useless to seek a precedent for that deposition in the case of Ethelred the Unready, as Mr. Longman follows Mr. Freeman in doing. The deposition of Edward was a sheer feudal "diffidatio," the mere withdrawal of a revolted baronage from their military relation to a baronial over-lord. Under the son and the grandson of Henry III., the older notion of national kingship had almost disappeared. The government of the country, in spite of the desperate rallies of the Crown, was in the hands of the baronage and the Church. The legislative declaration of the right of a peer to be tried by his peers—the exemption, in a word, of the baronage and the ecclesiastical hierarchy from the common justice of the land—followed significantly enough on the deposition of the King. It was the ratification of their victory. Throughout Edward's early years the Crown is actually in wardship; power rests with the Council of Regency, the mere representatives of an oligarchy, jealous as oligarchies are ever jealous, and incapable as oligarchies are generally incapable. It is by fixing one's eye on the Scotch war that one is able to detect its influence and its policy. The war with Scotland had long ceased to be a war of the Crown; it had never been a war of the people. The crime of the Second Edward in the eyes of his baronage had been his policy of peace. To the great noble, devoured by his own hungry retainers, peace was ruin. War meant the maintenance of his military household at the cost of the State; the chance of booty, of captives to be ransomed, of broad lands to be won, for himself. The triumph of the nobles in the deposition of Edward II., their second triumph in the murder of Mortimer, was in each case followed by an instant renewal of the war, and it is significant that in the last case the war began with a return of the recalcitrant barons—Beaumont and his fellows—whose bitter opposition to the peace had sprung from the necessary restitution which it involved of the lands they had won from the Scots. The temporary successes of Balliol, the victory of Halidon Hill, the capture of Berwick, the cession of the Lowlands to Edward III., only preluded the desperate struggle of five years which exhausted the resources of the realm, while it filled the pockets of the nobility. The war marks the period of their rule, and what their rule was Mr. Longman has told simply enough. Turbulent, without sense of law, playing loosely with life (few of them lived to see forty), faithless and distrustful, reviving here and there the private feuds and petty warfare of Stephen's chaotic reign—it is amusing to turn from the charming chit-chat of the early chapters of Froissart to such a page of real history as this:—

Armed men infested the courts of justice and endeavoured to overawe the judges. Great numbers of men banded themselves together in large bodies, living in woods and forests, robbing all persons that came in their way, seizing even the King's judges and extorting money from them by means of ransom; and the nobles, instead of aiding the sheriffs in punishing them, kept these robbers in their pay and protected them. Jousts and tournaments were forbidden unless under special leave. They served for the rendezvous of armed persons; from the number of places at which they were held, they were evidently a popular form of amusement, and furnished convenient opportunities for gathering together, and plotting if need be how to defeat the law. Special keepers of the peace, to be afterwards developed into the county

magistrates of the present day, had been ordered to be appointed . . . but they were not able to put down the robbers, and at one time consequently it became necessary for the King himself to march at the head of a body of soldiers to attack and disperse them.

That such a state of things should make even their puppet Mortimer, when really entrusted with the reins of power, long for peace, is not to be wondered at. But even misrule at home was not to prove the worst and most fatal result of this aristocratic government, and its aristocratic love of plunder. Over a century of English history, corrupting national sentiment, blighting national progress, crushing literature and religion and freedom with its iron weight, enslaving the clergy to the Papacy, turning the merchant into a pirate, chaining the labourer in a new serfdom to the soil, hangs the cloud of the great French war. If we had [to select the most praiseworthy pages of Mr. Longman's work, we should choose those which illustrate dryly, but with perfect clearness, the origin of the war with France. Whatever were Edward's faults, the great crime of having, out of sheer ambition, doomed two great peoples to an age of misery certainly does not rest at his door. Nothing is clearer from the facts which Mr. Longman has collected than the desperate tenacity with which Edward clung to peace with Philip. But day by day the struggle with Scotland made peace more impossible. France could not stand by and see her most valuable ally trodden under foot. With greater and greater pertinacity Philip forced on the war. Edward, on the other hand, conscious that the conquest of the North was hopeless if France once frankly interfered, submitted, year by year, to wrong and insult, in the hope of averting the struggle. It was in vain that Philip afforded a refuge to Bruce when driven from his throne, that he suffered French adventurers to enlist for Scotland, that he kept up the vexatious quarrels about Aquitaine, that Scotch ships were fitted out with his sanction at Calais, that he forced a truce on Edward in the midst of his victories, that at the moment when Scotland seemed reduced to submission her hopes were revived by French promises of aid. Nothing but the actual threat of invasion, the gathering of fleets in the Channel, the harrying of the coast, could force Edward into war.

Mr. Longman has followed very carefully the course of the tangled negotiations and preparations with which the great struggle began—the intrigues of Philip with the North, with Spain, with Genoa, the struggles of Edward even to the last against his fate. Nor is it less interesting to note how completely the war opens as a mere feudal rather than a national war; the King surrounded by Imperial allies, by the chivalry of Lorraine, unwilling frankly to break with the Count of Flanders, even while he intrigues with the Flemish democracy, wasting money, waging war in chivalrous fashion, marching, countermarching, doing nothing, spending all. It is hard to say all the time whether either of the combatants is in earnest. The tangled web of negotiation with Philip, with the Pope, is taken up again at every interval of the campaign. The first phase of the war ended at last, as every feudal struggle ended, in failure and despair. Heavily in debt, his alliance with the Empire dissolved, Scotland wrested from him, his coast ravaged, the realm lawless and discontented, Edward at the close of 1340 had had enough of this barons' war. Mr. Longman has painted very clearly the real sufferings of England amid all the chivalry and prowess of Edward's Flemish campaign; the seas swept by Philip's fleets, the suspension of commerce, the burning of Portsmouth and the Cinque Ports, the terrors of invasion along the coast. No war was ever at its opening more unpopular than the great struggle which was fated to become a national passion. It was the sympathy of the burgh class with the communal movement in Flanders, the hatred it imbibed from thence of France and its feudalism, the deep resentment of the merchant body for the persistent outrages of France during the following truce upon its trade, that enabled Edward at last to put the war on a national footing, and won for him the victories—more fatal to England than a thousand defeats—of Cressy and Poitiers.

#### MILITARY HISTORY OF GENERAL GRANT.\*

AT the present moment, when General Grant is on the point of assuming the highest position in the United States Government, it is of greater practical utility to divine what sort of a President he will make than to determine what standard he has reached as a general. But though a good commander may turn out an indifferent or bad civil governor, while, again, a mediocre officer may show the soundest judgment as a politician, there is a sufficient stock of qualifications equally applicable to either career, to make a man's history in the field important as an indication of what he may be in the Cabinet. And, apart from his political future, the conspicuous share taken by Grant in the great historical struggle of the Northern and Southern States compels our interest in examining the outlines of his military achievements drawn in the volume before us. Its author, Colonel Adam Badeau, served upon Grant's staff during the two last campaigns of the war, and has since enjoyed full access to official documents, on the Confederate as well as the Federal side, for the compilation of an accurate record. The work is written with that soldierly respect for high qualities, even among the bitterest antagonists, which is the first characteristic of a good military history. Foreign impar-

\* *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant.* By Adam Badeau, Colonel and Aide-de-Camp to the General-in-Chief, U.S. Army. Vol. I. New York: Appleton & Co. 1868.

tiality may regret that the brave armies of the beaten cause should throughout be qualified as "the rebels," while the forces of the victorious majority are "the national troops"; but the opinion of the North would perhaps hardly have tolerated a more courteously equivocal description in any account of its favourite hero that wished to be popular as well as true.

The rudest historical outline of the facts of the American civil war proves Grant to have been a soldier of great energy, of a thorough gameness and tenacity of purpose, of strong self-reliance, absolute calmness, and a laudable readiness to undertake any amount of personal responsibility. He had been educated for the army at West Point, and had served as a subaltern through the Mexican war; but he never professed to be in any way a scientific theorist or tactician. Few citizens of either Northern or Southern Confederacy could show any better title to military command when the outburst of civil war on so gigantic a scale took both hemispheres by surprise. The few trained officers whom the nation could boast started on a level of rank with the many improvised civilian colonels and generals whose existence was rendered necessary by the size of the levies. The stern tests of an internecine struggle by degrees proved fatal to most of the unprofessional heaven-born commanders: and before the close of the war the real soldiers had worked their way to the front, with Grant at the head of them. His success in the ultimate result of an undeniably difficult task of enormous magnitude shows him to have been practically the man for the situation. The question on which we wish to be satisfied, by the light of Colonel Badeau's very clear narrative, and any other help that can be given us, is, whether he was more. Was he simply the stronger man armed, who by main force spoiled the strong man of his house and goods, or is he to be ranked as a general among the generals of history?

The fruitless and almost ruinous battles of the Wilderness, after fighting which Grant suddenly quitted hold of the Virginian line towards Richmond, to take up a new base which he could at any time have occupied from the sea without the risk of a single life, are the natural stumbling-block in the way of any discriminatingly enthusiastic laudation of Grant as a first-class general. We wait to hear what Colonel Badeau says of these in his next volume. If they are to be explained, except as the gross blunder in cold blood of a blind worshipper of brute strength, knocking his head needlessly against a wall, Colonel Badeau will no doubt show us what they did mean, with the convincing perspicacity which marks his account of Grant's earlier campaigns. If they are left unexplained, it is still perhaps possible that such a blunder may be made once by a commander who is nevertheless a great general.

It is clear from Colonel Badeau's history that from his first exploit in the war, the swift seizure of Paducah at the confluence of the Ohio and Tennessee Rivers, Grant always knew what he was aiming at, and always knew the military value of time. He soon formed a distinct idea of the proper way to handle the material he had to use, and struck out an equally broad general rule for dealing with the forces opposed to him. While McClellan was attempting, in the east, to drill the army of the Potomac up to the European standard of efficiency before committing it to a decisive campaign, Grant adhered to the principle "that when neither party is well disciplined, there is nothing to gain, in the nature of discipline, by delay. The enemy organizes and improves as rapidly as yourself, and all the advantages of prompt movement are lost." He took at Belmont the first occasion that justified itself, by the collateral object of relieving another Federal corps, to give his men that confidence in themselves and their leader which is won by a hard fight. The successive captures of Forts Henry and Donelson broke the strong chain of defence which the Confederates had judiciously drawn across Tennessee, and opened to the Northern gunboats many hundreds of miles on the Tennessee, Cumberland, and Mississippi Rivers. The obstinate siege of Vicksburg completed the possession of the Mississippi. Yet though each of these operations gave proof how strongly Grant's mind grasped any special importance in the fastnesses from which he had to dislodge his enemy, and how boldly and resolutely he clung to a hold once acquired, he early enunciated his belief that the strength and the weakness of the South lay in its men, and not in its positions, and that the first and last rule of Northern strategy should be to weaken and reduce the Southern armies by striking a hard blow wherever they could be met with. The correctness of this maxim in the main was not only proved by the result, but was acknowledged over and over again both in word and deed by the more skillful among the Confederate generals. No one saw more clearly than Grant that on the part of the South it was a people's war; and the practical inference drawn by him was the stern resolve to render the non-combatant residents of the theatre of war powerless to help the enemy, by the consumption and destruction of their supplies. This was not making war with rose-water; but from Grant's point of view, that the war could only have one result, which had better be reached as soon as possible, it was not impolitic, and was in a certain sense humane. When once experience had proved to him that on a march through a fresh country he could feed a column of thirty thousand men on the supplies they met with, every such sudden plunge forward of a flying force, to strike far away at the railways or magazines on which the lengthy lines of the over-matched Confederates' communications were based, gave a double blow to the South, by exhausting a wide district of provisions at the same time that it made the disparity of combatant power in the gross tell more and more in favour of the stronger. The system that was first struck out by Grant in his circular sweep

round Vicksburg culminated in Sherman's great march from Atlanta to the sea-coast. The enormous area of the fertile Southern Confederacy, drained as it then was of any sufficient military force available for meeting such an invasion, guaranteed Sherman from the Nemesis which overtook Napoleon's not very dissimilar procedure in the Russian campaign, of being thrown back in retreat upon the very line of hostile country that he had lived upon and wasted in his advance.

It is a strong argument in favour of Grant's greatness that both Sherman and McPherson, his other most illustrious lieutenant, appear to have believed in him unhesitatingly, at a time when it was the fashion at Washington to speak of Grant as a brave but incapable blockhead who had blundered into various successes. Even where Sherman differed absolutely in opinion, he was content to carry out Grant's plans with a zeal and a faith which he would never have accorded to a leader whose military instinct he felt to be of a lower order than his own. It was against a strong protest from Sherman that Grant passed the whole of his army from the northern to the southern side of Vicksburg, and marched inland from Grand Gulf to strike at the magazines and railroads of Jackson, to beat off the relieving force of Johnston, and to roll back Pemberton's defeated army within those lines of Vicksburg from which it was only to issue again as a dispirited and disarmed body of thirty thousand prisoners of war. Yet through the whole of that difficult campaign of three weeks, far away from any base, Sherman marched and manoeuvred with the perfection of swiftness and docility; and when at its close the two stood together on the till then unapproachable Haines's Bluff, north of Vicksburg, Sherman was the first to acknowledge the greatness and the truth of the conception against which he had protested.

It is worthy of remark that, until his Virginian campaign against Lee, Grant had only once or twice come into serious contact with any of the best class of Southern generals. Polk at Belmont, Tilghmann, Pillow, and Floyd at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, were not antagonists whose defeat was in itself a necessary mark of high strategic qualities. At Shiloh Landing, one of the most obstinate and dubious battles Grant ever had to fight, the Confederate general, Albert Johnston, was killed during the first day's engagement, and his place filled by Beauregard under the obvious disadvantage of entering on the command-in-chief during the actual hand-to-hand struggle. Joseph Johnston, when beaten at Jackson, was, from the quickness of Grant's unexpected movement and the slowness of Pemberton's, in too small force to have any chance of a combat on equal terms; and after Grant had invested Vicksburg and fortified his own position, Johnston's strength was still too small to risk an attack without the co-operation from inside which Pemberton never afforded him. Pemberton himself, whom Grant beat at Champion's Hill, again at Black River Bridge, and finally forced to surrender at discretion in Vicksburg, appears to have been a vain and weak man, incapable of estimating his own situation or the comparative value of the courses of action suggested to him by Johnston. Braxton Bragg, the loser of Chattanooga, seems to have played into Grant's hands, by his movements during the battle, to a degree not compatible with a first-rate order of generalship; but it is clear, from the reports of both sides, that a needless and unaccountable panic suddenly possessed the troops in Bragg's centre on this occasion. Shortly before, Bragg had detached his best lieutenant, Longstreet, against Burnside at Knoxville, with a corps not strong enough to crush Burnside, though large enough perhaps under Longstreet to have made all the difference of the balance of forces in the more vital struggle on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. Colonel Badeau speaks of Longstreet more than once with sincere admiration, as of an adversary who always took the most soldierlike course, and even in defeat made the victory over him as barren as possible. It is clear that, after the siege of Knoxville was raised by the detachment of Sherman's corps to the aid of Burnside, the forces under the command of the latter as senior general were sufficient to have pushed Longstreet clear out of East Tennessee into Virginia, if the opportunity had been seized. We may expect an equally generous impartiality to mark the writer's appreciation of Lee, when he comes forward in the volume that treats of the final Virginia campaigns.

Grant's written instructions to his subordinates in command are very clear in the indication of the general object required. They leave, as a rule, the details of action almost absolutely to the discretion of the officer charged with the execution of the order; abstaining from minuteness on the plausible theory—which by a weaker man might, like many other truisms, be carried too far—that the movements of the enemy must determine the counter-movements of the Federal divisions. For the proofs of his clearness of foresight we must therefore look rather to the general conception of his greater movements, such as the operations round Vicksburg, the relief of Chattanooga, the march of Sherman's corps to Meridian, and in the following year the great march across to the sea-coast, of which, though the execution belongs to Sherman, the original idea was due to Grant. His vigorous simplicity of mind always prompted him to take the initiative rather than wait on his adversary; so as to be able, as he says in one letter, to select his own campaign instead of having the enemy dictate it for him. The relative strength of the two parties was such as eminently favoured and justified Grant's adherence to this maxim; but the ground for a critical estimate of his strategic qualities is very much narrowed by the fact that he was almost invariably in the position of playing the bold and winning game. Some of the features in



Colonel Badeau's sketch of his hero bring back touches of Soult and of Blücher rather than of any other modern generals we can call to mind.

#### THE LLANOS OF VENEZUELA.\*

WE have read few works of travel more interesting or entertaining in their way than this, the first volume of an intended series of South American journeys. If the author fulfils his purpose, and if he is but half as successful in the narration of his foreign experiences as in his account of the wilder regions of his native land, he will not only establish for himself a well-deserved reputation, but contribute not a little to familiarize the English reader with the natural and political history of a quarter of the globe of which less perhaps is popularly known among us than of any other. Don Ramon Paez is the son or near relative of one of the most distinguished leaders in the Columbian War of Independence, who was afterwards more than once President of Venezuela, and subsequently an exile in the United States. He has, therefore, the disadvantage of writing in a foreign tongue, in which, however, he seems perfectly at his ease. His style is not such as to add any artificial charms to his narrative, which owes all its interest to the intrinsic character of the subject, and to the simple, unaffected, graphic manner in which the writer relates his experiences, and describes the scenes wherein he bore a part. The attraction of the book lies in the novel and exciting nature of the life it portrays, and in the extraordinary features of the fauna and flora of the wild regions in which the scene is laid.

Venezuela is the northernmost part of South America, between Guiana and New Granada. The northern portion of the country, nearest the coast, is for the most part mountainous and agricultural; the variation of the temperature at varying heights, with the advantages of a tropical climate equally enjoyed at all altitudes, allowing the inhabitants to produce the choicest fruits of every zone, and to rear alike cotton, coffee, tobacco, cocoa, apples, peaches, and corn. At and about Caraccas, the capital, some 4,000 feet above the sea level, the land enjoys a perpetual summer not unlike that of the most favoured sub-tropical or semi-temperate countries; and in the gardens fruits of every sort may be seen growing and ripening side by side during the whole year—oranges, mangoes, peaches, and apples thriving in perfection in close proximity to grapes as choice and luscious as those of European hothouses, and to the delicious native fruits of the country, some of which appear to be intended by nature as a substitute for some of the animal luxuries of a colder climate, hardly attainable under a sun of 97 degrees. Among these is the *chirimoya*, said to resemble "lumps of flavoured cream ready to be frozen"; while two different species of bread-fruit would seem almost to rival the invaluable food from which they draw their name, and the so-called "alligator pear" (*Persea gratissima*) yields an excellent vegetable substitute for butter. The plant which in Europe is known only by its lovely "passion-flowers" there bears a delicious juicy fruit, about the size and shape of a water melon; and a multitude of other delicacies, too numerous to mention, ripen with little culture and no distinction of season, and seem to render more solid food hardly worth the labour of procuring it. But other food is cheap enough. Beef, we are told, sells for a half-penny per pound; coffee and chocolate abound; monkey is not bad eating; and humming-birds form, for the unsentimental, a dainty choicer than larks; the iguana lizard is a favourite dish; and the waters, as we shall presently see, furnish such choice and store of fish that even the strictness of a Catholic Lent hardly involves more than the semblance of fasting. Life in such a country, even were its population as dense as ours, could hardly involve the fierce struggles and sufferings which are incident to the civilization of less favoured peoples. No one can want food where with a few days' toil in the year an acre of ground will yield bananas, pumpkins, and maize enough for a family; and clothing and shelter scarcely count for necessities in a climate where cold is unknown. And again, in such a climate, life itself is a luxury. The delicious air, perfumed by the scent of innumerable flowers; the glorious and perennial vegetation, the shade of trees whose leaves never fall, the ground carpeted, the bushes covered with splendid flowers; the swarms of humming-birds, in every variety of exquisite colour; the delights which appeal to every sense at once, cannot but make the conditions of happiness and contentment other and far simpler than in a temperate climate, and bring them within the easy reach of all. It would seem as if nothing but human folly and perversity could make man's life, in such scenes, other than delightful. And if these countries are not densely peopled, thriving, and prosperous, with a contented people, a successful industry, a vast commerce, and a daily increasing wealth, human folly and perversity must bear the blame. In the hands of Englishmen, or even under an English Government, that part of Venezuela would be the paradise that nature has striven to make it. It has taken all the ingenuity of a false philosophy and a mischievous philanthropy, all the fatal influence of an enforced equality between races absolutely unequal, all the disastrous effects of republican institutions in the hands of semi-savages, all the absurdities of government by a majority where the minority are white men, and the majority are Indians, negroes, and mongrels of every sort of mixture, to make Venezuela what she is now.

The southern or inland portion of Venezuela is one vast plain, intersected by great rivers and small tributaries, covered with grass, with here and there small woods or jungles, and surrounded in certain quarters by vast forests; bordered by mountains, below which comes a sort of series of terraces, marking the successive shores of the great sea or bay which once occupied this region, now called the Llanos. The people who inhabit this country are chiefly half-breeds of mixed negro and Indian blood, particularly hardy, brave, wild, strong, and lawless; living on horseback, accustomed from infancy to feats of skill and strength with the lazo and the lance, unrivalled hunters and cattle-guards, splendid guerillas, and dangerous banditti. The Llanos are covered with herds of cattle, almost wild, but each belonging to a particular farm, which must at certain times be collected, counted, and branded, and which are about as amenable to this discipline as the buffaloes of the Western prairie. This is the duty of the Llaneros; and the work of a *rodeo* or collection of cattle for the branding seems to be, on the whole, a good deal more dangerous, and certainly a severer test of skill, strength, courage, and endurance, than a tiger or elephant hunt. The wild cattle are driven together from great distances by a circle of horsemen continually closing round them; into the wild and raging mob of excited beasts thus gathered the Llaneros plunge, to drive out animals belonging to other farms; then the herd is driven home, and forced into the corral, not unlike that employed for the capture of elephants, but stronger; and then the fierce creatures must be dragged forth, one by one, to undergo the operations required. All the duties of the farm are done by men and boys, the latter being early trained for their work; for even the milch-cows are too wild to be safely handled by women. They, of course, do not belong to the savage herds we have described; but, with a certain number of tame oxen, are kept at home, and may be about as manageable as the least manageable cattle of the Welsh or Cumbrian mountains. The author's descriptions of these scenes are lively and interesting in the extreme, and some of his facts appear to be altogether new. Thus he relates that on one occasion he was awakened by the well-known sound of bellowing at a time when no wild cattle were in the corral; and, looking out, perceived a number of bulls in a state of passionate excitement, roaring, lowing, tearing the ground with hoofs and horns, on the spot where one of their species had been slaughtered the day before; the creatures seeming perfectly to understand what had happened there, and to be moved to violent sorrow and wrath by the sight of their companion's blood.

Wild animals are abundant on the Llanos. Besides the cattle, and troops of wild horses from which the Llaneros from time to time supply themselves with animals for use or sale, as in the case of the cattle, there are droves of hogs, apparently derived, like the cattle and horses, from domestic animals run wild; and such native creatures as the capybara and the ant-eater, and the terrible jaguar, or American tiger, with the less formidable puma and panther. Snakes abound both by land and water, and the largest of them will swallow a deer or a calf whole. But the denizens of the waters are more dreaded and destructive than those of the land. The rivers are numerous, and must constantly be crossed by swimming; and besides, the country is periodically inundated, when the danger to the cattle, from both terrestrial and aquatic enemies, is considerable. The water teems with fish of all species, in such abundance that by driving them into a net stretched for the purpose a larger supply can be caught in a few minutes than a numerous party, such as accompanied General Paez and the author on their expedition to the Llanos, can eat. An anecdote told of Bolivar illustrates this abundance. General Paez, accompanying the Liberator in a canoe, amused himself by slightly tipping the fragile vessel, so as to ship a little water; at the same time shipping so many fish that Bolivar, unaware of the trick, fancied that the fish were leaping into the boat of malice prepense, and urged his friend to get to land as quickly as possible, since even the fish were "savages." The alarm of the distinguished patriot was not so unnatural as it may seem, for the rivers of the Llanos are inhabited by creatures quite as ferocious as the jaguar and the puma. The caiman, alligator, or crocodile—he is called by all three names—is to be found everywhere, and attacks both men and animals with equal fierceness and pertinacity. The natives have the same idea with regard to these creatures that prevails in India with respect to the "man-eating" tigers, and in Africa regarding the lion—namely, that having once tasted human flesh, they ever afterwards prefer it to any other food, and are on the look-out for fresh victims. We have seen this supposed peculiarity in the former instances ascribed to the fact that the "man-eater" is an aged beast, whose strength no longer enables him to chase any more active prey, and who therefore lies in wait for victims less swift than the stag and less formidable than the buffalo; but this explanation will not apply to the *caiman cebado*. The Llaneros have the courage to attack the crocodile with harpoon or lazo, and even in some cases to encounter him in the water, with no other weapon than a long knife, which is plunged into the only spot—the armpit—where the creature is easily vulnerable. But other denizens of the rivers, much less terrible in appearance, are much more feared by these intrepid sportsmen. The gymnotus, or electric eel, can stun a man by a single stroke, so that his contact is fatal to the solitary swimmer. The payara has two or more large, sharp teeth, which cut like a razor, and inflict a gash almost as severe as that of a sabre. But the most dreaded of all is a little creature of the shape and size of a carp, called, from its

\* *Travels and Adventures in South and Central America. First Series: Life in the Llanos of Venezuela.* By Don Ramon Paez. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

ferocious habits, the *caribe*, or cannibal. Its vast numbers and insatiable appetite render the rivers in many parts impassable to men who would face the crocodile without flinching. The author on several occasions amused himself by endeavouring to secure specimens of this extraordinary fish. Hooks were useless. The strongest tackle was bitten through in an instant; even the hooks themselves were easily severed by the shark-like teeth which can penetrate iron or copper wire with apparent ease. But by dipping a strip of tough ox-hide into the water, he succeeded in hoisting a number of the tenacious *caribes* into his canoe; and then found himself seriously embarrassed, if not endangered, by the savage attacks of his untameable captives. We give the description of this aquatic cannibal in the author's own words:—

Each time the nets were hauled in shore, half a dozen or more of these little pests were to be seen jumping in the crowd, their jaws wide open, tearing whatever came in their way, especially the meshes of the nets, which they soon rendered useless. Their sharp triangular teeth, arranged in the same manner as those of the shark, are so strong that neither copper, steel, nor twine can withstand them. The sight of any red substance, blood especially, seems to rouse their sanguinary appetite; and as they usually go in swarms, it is extremely dangerous for man or beast to enter the water with even a scratch upon their bodies. Horses wounded with the spur are particularly exposed to their attacks, and so rapid is the work of destruction that, unless immediate assistance is rendered, the fish soon penetrate the abdomen of the animal and speedily reduce it to a skeleton; hence, doubtless, their appellation of *mondonguero*—tripe-eater. There are other varieties of the *caribe* in the rivers of the Llanos, but none so bold and bloodthirsty as this glutton of the waters. So abundant is this species in some rivers of the Apure, that it is a common saying among Llaneros, "There is more *caribe* than water."

Every feature of this miniature cannibal denotes the ferocity and sanguinary nature of its tastes. The piercing eye, surrounded by a blood-looking ring, is expressive of its cruel and bloodthirsty disposition. Its under jaw, lined with a thick cartilaginous membrane which adds greatly to its strength, protrudes considerably beyond the upper, giving, as this formation of jaw does to all animals possessing it, likewise an expression of ferocity. Large spots of a brilliant orange hue cover a great portion of its body, especially the belly, fins, and tail. Towards the back, it is of a bluish ash colour, with a slight tint of olive green, the intermediate spaces being of a pearly white, while the gill-covers are tinged with red. The inhabitants, being often compelled to swim across streams infested with them, entertain more fear of these little creatures than of that world-renowned monster, the crocodile. This last, although a formidable antagonist in the water, can be easily avoided, and even conquered in single combat by daring men, while the former, from their diminutive size and greater numbers, can do more mischief in a short time than a legion of crocodiles.

The vast animal wealth of the Llanos was greatly reduced by a strange pestilence, which attacked every species of living being except, apparently, men and horned cattle. It swept away the herds of horses which grazed on the plains, destroyed the wild-boars, capyvaras, and beasts of prey in their jungles, and even devastated the populous rivers of the country, which in some parts are described as covered for miles with a floating mass of putrefaction. Such an animal plague, making equal, and indeed greater, havoc among wild than among domesticated creatures, has, we believe, few parallels in history, and would afford an interesting subject of investigation to the naturalist.

Our space will not allow us to follow Don R. Paez in his account of the turtle fishery of the Orinoco, if fishery it can be called where the reptiles are caught by thousands as they crowd the sands in their effort to reach a place where they may deposit their eggs, while millions of the latter, collected without trouble or search, supply the natives with abundant food, an excellent oil, and a valuable article of export. Nor can we undertake to describe the less lucrative but more interesting mode of capture by which the turtle are caught elsewhere; the Indians being trained from boyhood to shoot them under water with an arrow whose head, attached by a string to the shaft, comes off in striking, and remains fixed in the creature's shell, while the shaft, floating on the water, indicates the position of the prey, and exposes it to the stroke of the harpoon. We can only say that almost every chapter of the volume—by no means a large one—contains some novel and interesting fact or description; and that its general result is to convince the reader that the natural resources of Venezuela are almost boundless alike in quantity and variety, and that, under a Government which could offer tolerable security to person and property, no country in the world could hold forth greater attractions to the settler, the traveller, or the scientific inquirer.

#### WASPS.\*

IT has been the misfortune of wasps to be set down as an idle, wasteful, and utterly useless order in creation, as well as in a peculiar sense, both by temperament and habit, *hostes humani generis*. Hence they have never been taken to as a subject of study in anything like the same popular and kindly spirit as their better famed, albeit not less dangerously armed, congeners, the bees. Neither by naturalists, poets, nor moralists, any more than by the vulgar, unthinking herd of people, has justice at any time been done to wasps. Their very existence and toleration in nature has been thrown by sceptics in the face of the wisdom and beneficence of creation. Their fussy, spiteful, and irregular ways have furnished weapons sharp and venomous as their own stings against this *classe dangereuse* of the great social economy of nature. Yet these little creatures have a history of their own, and play a

part in nature as important, it may be, as many insects or beings more pretentious in size or of higher repute in the moral scale. Dr. Ormerod, in a very pleasant little book upon the subject, has taken up the cause of these neglected, if not maligned, insects, in a way which may have the effect of kindling an unwonted degree of interest in this comparatively unfamiliar branch of entomology. Wasps and wasp-nests having been, he informs us, his companions for years, since his attention was first drawn to the subject of wasp-paper, his detached observations have insensibly grown into a continuous Natural History. Being largely derived from personal study and observation, his work has a value which is often wanting in labours of a more ambitious kind, in which speculation makes hazardous advances beyond strict induction from facts. His style is plain and sensible, and the technicalities of the subject are judiciously avoided by referring the reader who would look closer into the many problems connected with this department of insect life to a wide list of works of a more special or scientific character.

This particular branch of what Coleridge whimsically defined as "life in sections" is not without an archaeology of its own. It is true, whatever be the cause, that wasps have not been found in the fossil state. The hymenoptera are otherwise fairly represented among the insects found in amber, but no wasps occur among them. The calcareous marl in gypsum beds has yielded remains of hymenoptera; but no wasps, and but a few Polistes. In literature wasps found a place from early times—then, as now, types of all things petty and annoying. Dr. Ormerod's classical reading recalls the exquisite touch of nature with which Asius, in *Homer*, rushing out of Troy, likens the watchful, swarming Greeks who will not come out to meet him to wasps guarding their nests. Here Lord Derby, we may observe, following Chapman, Pope, and Sotheby, gives a wholly wrong turn to *Homer's* σφῆκες μίαν αἰ-όλοι. The poet's reference is not to the "yellow bands" of the wasps, but to their rapid, restless, wriggling motion from the waist—ποικίλοι, says Heyne, *non colore sed motu variato et celeri*. Wright's "flexible slender waists" is correct, but not so close or expressive as Worsley's "slim wasps quivering bright." Parnell is singularly wrong, as our author does not fail to point out, in giving to hornets instead of gnats (κόνωρες) the honour of sounding the trumpet in the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." *Ælian*, he might have added, speaks (*Nat. An.* iv. 39) of foxes despoiling wasps' nests, and characteristically dodging their stings. How, under the title of *Wasps*, Aristophanes lashed the fussy, troublesome, litigious Dicasts of his day, it were superfluous to draw out in detail. Poverty, in the *Plutus*, fastens upon the analogy with wasps as one of the happy qualifications of her votaries over those of wealth. But this ill-chosen comparison at once turns the tables against her. No one, in fact, among poets or poetasters, ever had a civil word for wasps. Aristotle, in his marvellous *Natural History*, shows a knowledge of their structure and ways as remarkable as any of the chapters which bespeak his keen and correct observation of nature. He was aware that the colony originated from a single wasp which survived the winter, and that the nest was, in the first instance, the sole work of this insect. He knew that the cells were made larger as the season advanced for the young queens or mother-wasps which were then produced, and that the labour of building was at this time delegated to the workers. The chief difficulty in following him, Dr. Ormerod points out, seems to arise from his not having sufficiently distinguished the species:—"His meaning is generally clear enough with regard to the social economy of the σφῆκες, but when we get to the ἀνδρῶνα all is confusion; and it is not clear whether it is always the same insect which is designated." Wasps have a place in legendary lore. Mrs. Jameson has illustrated the singular fable of St. Veronica relieving Vespasian of a wasps'-nest in his nose by the sight of her miraculous cloth. This ridiculous story was plainly concocted out of the name of Vespasian, in complete ignorance that in the time of that Emperor *vespa* was not the familiar word for a wasp. Coming nearer to our own time, we find Olaus Magnus of Sweden, in the sixteenth century, devoting to wasps a chapter or more of his *Natural History of the Northern Nations*. His classification, as briefly drawn out by Dr. Ormerod, is strange enough, sliding them in, by what he evidently thinks a perfectly natural transition, between stag-beetles and snakes. His descriptive touches are, however, true to nature. Mallow-leaves were, he tells us, the approved remedy for wasp stings in his time. Hornets, the great yellow wasps, were called *Boolgetingh* in the Gothic language. The curious epithets applied to wasps and hornets in the Welsh tongue, such as "yellow-tailed," "carpenter," "singer," might be taken to denote a singular interest in the insects thus diversely characterized. Still, Dr. Ormerod assures us, they are far from being favourite objects of allusion in the Triads. The form of the language, no particular affection, dictated the form of expression. Lhuyd, in his *Archæologia Britannica*, gives *Kakkymen* for the common Welsh name, *chulkiore* and *guhien* for the Cornish, and *eirkveach* for the Irish, while the Armorican *guezpeden* and *guezpel* show the late Latin *Vespa* already creeping into use.

It is only of late years that the confusion and vagueness which arose from the want of a strict discrimination of species has been removed from the natural history of wasps. Even Réaumur's great work does not wholly escape this influence, which makes much of Aristotle's remarks unintelligible. Among the precious remains of Hunter's MSS. snatched from the flames were two papers on the "Economy of Hornets and Wasps," in which the writer's habits of close and accurate observation have laid the basis for a solid fabric of facts. The great source of error, how-

\* *British Social Wasps: an Introduction to their Anatomy and Physiology, Architecture, and General Natural History.* By Edward Latham Ormerod, M.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.



ever, has finally been removed by the labours of Mr. F. Smith, of the British Museum, who, in his *Catalogue of British Fossorial Hymenoptera, Formicidae, and Vespidæ*, has condensed into a few pages the specific characteristics of the British Social wasps, and realized, it is not too much to say, with Dr. Ormerod, "Latreille's wish for another Kirby to clear up the natural history of the wasp family."

Besides the possession of two pairs of clear membranous wings, from which it takes its name, the general order of Hymenoptera is distinguished by a peculiar instrument placed at the end of the abdomen in the female sex. This instrument has been adopted as a basis of classification into species or tribes. In the *Sirex* and *Sawfly* it takes the form of a piercer or saw. In the *Gallfly* and *Ichnumon* it is an apparatus of pointed bristles. In the *Ruby* wasp it is a telescopic tube; and in the four remaining tribes, hence called the "aculeate hymenoptera"—namely, ants, bees, wasps, and sand wasps (*fossoræ*)—it is a sting. The fore wings in the wasp are marked with undeviating regularity by certain nervures differing in the several families, and in repose are folded longitudinally. By this single character the *Eumenidæ* or Solitary wasps, and the *Vespidæ* or Social wasps (*diplopterygæ*), are distinguished from the *fossoræ*, which do not fold their wings. These distinctions, which may appear somewhat arbitrary or artificial, are more abruptly marked in the British than in the exotic fauna. In the foreign series, in which all the connecting links are supplied, the *Vespidæ* shade into the *Eumenidæ* as gradually as these do into the *fossoræ*, clinging by their anatomy to the former, by their habits to the latter. The great distinction between the Social and Solitary groups, though based, as their names imply, upon differences of function, may doubtless be explained by—as they must ultimately, if founded in nature, take their origin from—anatomical or structural distinctions latent within the organism. Though we cannot be said, with our existing knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of these insects, to have the power of correlating the external phenomena of wasp life with the diverse structures or tissues of each several class, yet there is much in Dr. Ormerod's excellent chapter on this subject to show a fundamental connexion between them. The natural history of Solitary wasps not coming within the proper scope of his remarks, he limits himself to but a slight sketch of the *Odyneri*, which from their general habits and aspects typify to most of us the British *Eumenidæ*. In distinguishing but two "species" of British Solitaries, the author appears to us less accurate than is his wont. It would have been more in accord with the most received and soundest classification to refer to *Eum. concolorata* and *Eum. odynerus* as cognate genera, of the latter of which we are able to distinguish twelve species. The technical or anatomical character whereby the Social and the Solitary wasps, typified in this country by the *Odyneri* and the *Vespeæ* respectively, are marked off from each other, is found partly in the mandibles and tongue, partly in the tarsal hooks, which are simple in the social and denticulated in the solitary group, as shown in the microscope. Hence probably is to be traced, had we the means of minute physiological observation, much of the difference in nest-building and other habits distinctive of the two classes.

Of true *Vespidæ*, or Social wasps, we have in this country seven species of the typical genus *vespa*, including the hornet (*V. crabro*). The *Polistes*, which makes its nest without any outer covering, the "pasteboard wasp" of British Guiana, the mud wasp of India, and such as hang their flimsy structures by threads to twigs and leaves, are strangers to us. On the other hand, the *Vespeæ* are unknown in Australia, though well represented in the Indian Archipelago. Of British species (*V. Crabro*, the great hornet, standing alone) three are tree wasps—namely, *V. Britannica*, *V. Sylvæstris*, and *V. Arborea* or *Borealis*. Three build by preference underground.—*V. Germanica*, *V. Vulgaris*, and *V. Rufa*. The specific distinctions among these are best shown by the aid of illustrations, which in Dr. Ormerod's work are of unequal merit. The best of this series strikes us as *V. Crabro*, which is firmly and symmetrically drawn. In most of the specimens the wings are not only far too long, but also fail to render the nervures or outlines with character and precision. In Plate IV., the male of *V. Vulgaris* has wings that never belonged to a wasp, and the worker of *V. Rufa* has unknown antennæ, with the eyes and head of a fly. The diagrams of wasp faces are much better done. The drawings of nests lack definiteness of outline, especially the last, taken we should say from a photograph, which ought to render better the geometrical rigour and truth which marks the paper fabric of the wasp, even beyond that of her wax-secreting congener the bee. We would recommend our readers to go—Dr. Ormerod's excellent monograph in hand—to the nest-room in the British Museum, there to study the admirable collection of nests, British and foreign, arranged under the care of Mr. F. Smith. Conspicuous amongst these are the curious results of experiments made by the late Mr. Stone in artificial wasp architecture. By the use of wires and bits of pasteboard, to lay down the leading lines of the fabric, the labours of the tiny builders may be made to result in an edifice hardly less complex or elaborate than St. Paul's itself. One of the most valuable parts of Dr. Ormerod's book is that in which he shows the various forms of cells, and their aggregates into nests, to be typical of the species of their builders. He is right in insisting upon the fact of the distinctive architecture of insects such as these not arising out of any external

physical necessity, but out of an inner subjective influence, or instinctive impulse.

It has been sought of late to detract from the geometrical exactness popularly assigned to the cells of bees and wasps. Their hexagonal form has been explained as the mere result of uniform lateral pressure, under which cylinders of any soft substance take the form of hexagons as the nearest polygonal figure capable of filling space. Actual observation has, however, disposed of this damaging hypothesis. Certain wasps do indeed make their combs—very small ones—entirely of cylindrical cells, the lateral pressure notwithstanding. But in the ordinary case the hexagonal principle is manifest even in the rudimentary basis of the destined comb. Still more clearly is it seen in cases where the industry of the wasp seems to find a supererogatory vent in a lacework of detached cells exterior to the walls of the house. On the unfinished margin of such a series may be seen stretching out unmistakable straight lines, the embryonic walls of hexagons never to be fully enclosed. As regards our insular varieties at least, the architectural laws involved, as well as the materials employed, in these beautiful products of nature are explained with clearness and truth in Dr. Ormerod's instructive pages. As a popular manual upon a subject very little studied, no less than as a source of valuable suggestions for the study of professed observers, his book is one to be confidently recommended to the notice of the public.

#### PROBYN'S ESSAYS.\*

THIS volume consists of reprints of six articles written at various times from October, 1865, to April, 1868. One, the earliest, is translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; the rest are reprinted from the *Westminster Review*. Mr. Probyn very reasonably asks "those who think it worth while to read these Essays, to bear specially in mind, while doing so, the exact date at which each of them was written." Events, as he truly says, march so fast in these days, that a very short time will altogether change "the circumstances and condition of a whole country." The perfectly reasonable inference is that, in times like these, we are not to be very hard upon Mr. Probyn if he sometimes sees reason to change his opinions, or if his expectations of the future have sometimes turned out wrong after the future has become the present. We shall certainly not be hard on Mr. Probyn on any such grounds. We hold, with Lord Macaulay, that a man who, in a time of great changes, thinks exactly the same at the end as he did at the beginning must be either an inspired prophet or an obstinate fool. In such times everybody changes more or less. The real difference is that some men have the wit to know that they change, and the honesty to confess it, while others are either too stupid to know that they change, or else too dishonest to confess it. We once knew a man, who gave us no reason to think that he was dishonest, who gravely said that he always thought the same as the *Times*. And have not a great number of worthy and honourable gentlemen been trying to persuade themselves that they always think the same as Mr. Disraeli? Mr. Probyn does not belong to this class. He has sense enough to know that he has changed his mind on some points, and he tells us so like a man. We like him all the better for so doing.

The essays which please us most are the three which have to do with Italy. They have the advantage of being written from personal knowledge, and they have the merit of setting before us in a connected shape a great deal that many of us have taken in only in a confused, because in a piecemeal, way. They give Mr. Probyn's impressions of things at three different stages in the recent history of Italy. The first, the essay which is translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was written in 1865, in the interval between the last two Italian wars, after the liberation of Milan, but before the liberation of Venice. Mr. Probyn draws, from his own observation, a powerful contrast between the state of the liberated and the still enslaved city. The second essay is one on "Italy, Venice, and Austria," which appeared in the *Westminster Review* of July, 1866. It was therefore written just before that Italian war which formed so important a pendant to the great German war, and it must have been in the press at the very time that the battle of Custoza was fighting. The last, written in March, and published in April, 1867, contains a narrative of the war which was contemporary with the former article. It contains a minute military description of the fight of Custoza, which the table of contents says is illustrated by a map, though we cannot find any map in the copy which has reached us. These essays are all written with a good, honest, hearty appreciation of the Italian cause. But with this natural sympathy for Italy is strangely mixed up a strong leaning to France, and even to the present ruler of France, which is amusing enough. We are bound however to say that this is one of the points on which Mr. Probyn has learned from experience. He seems, when he began, to have really looked upon Louis Napoleon as a sincere friend and honest benefactor of Italy. This belief gets rudely shaken as he goes on; Mr. Probyn is driven to some very hard shifts in his third article, and from another, that headed the "Two Temporal Powers," it seems that his Bonapartism has now pretty well given way. The Anties Legion and the "wonder-working 'Chassepot'" were too much for him. In

\* *Essays on Italy and Ireland and the United States of America.* By J. W. Probyn. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

this essay the "two Temporal Powers" spoken of are, oddly enough, the Protestant Church in Ireland and the Papal dominion at Rome. Mr. Probyn is more successful in dealing with either of these subjects separately than he is in trying to make out any kind of connexion or parallel between them. The article headed the "Church System in Ireland and Canada" is much more to the purpose. It is obvious that there is a natural connexion, and an obvious contrast, between the systems of ecclesiastical policy which have been followed in these two countries respectively, and the Canadian precedent may be fairly held up as an example for Ireland to follow. The last essay is on an American subject, "The Constitution and the Secessionists," and bears date April, 1866. It was written therefore about a year after the murder of President Lincoln. Mr. Probyn is a strong, but not unfair, supporter of the Northern cause. But in this essay comes the most remarkable case of his change of opinion. In April, 1866, he expected great things from President Johnson. He has been grievously disappointed, and he says so manfully. In his Italian essays, the Bonapartism with which Mr. Probyn set forth seems to die out naturally before the facts, but it is nowhere retracted in so many words. But in the American essay he finds it necessary to make a solemn abjuration of President Johnson in a note set apart to that end. We have nothing to object. It is not so much Mr. Probyn who has changed as Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Probyn's estimate of Mr. Johnson therefore naturally differs at different times.

On all these subjects Mr. Probyn, without displaying anything very profound, novel, or brilliant, writes in a sensible and straightforward way; and his narrative of the Italian war of 1866, the fights of Custoza and Lissa, is a really good piece of contemporary history. The essay which we like least is the one on the two Temporal Powers. As we have said, we cannot make out the connexion between the two parts of it, and in the Roman part Mr. Probyn's way of talking about the Pope somehow degenerates into a sort of vehemence, and yet decidedly commonplace, preaching. Otherwise, we have not much to say about his style either way. He is always intelligible, and generally unaffected. But many of his sentences are too closely formed upon foreign models, and he has especially that unpleasant habit of using the inflected genitive, in positions where modern English usage does not allow of it, which is so common in the English writing of foreigners and of Englishmen who have become more familiar with the literature of foreign countries than with that of their own.

Mr. Probyn gets a little out of his depth in his Irish history, when he fancies that Ireland was conquered by Henry the Second in 1156, and it sounds rather ludicrous to hear about "the Roman Catholic Church" being "established" by him. It is wonderful to see how many minds are affected by this sort of confusion. They really seem to think that Henry upset one religious society in Ireland and founded another. In truth, as we have often explained, the only ecclesiastical result of the conquest of Ireland was to put the finishing stroke to a tendency by which, for some time before, the Irish Church had been gradually drawing nearer and nearer to English models. But the hopeless confusion of Mr. Probyn's mind on this sort of subject is plainly enough revealed by the following paragraph:—

The great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, known as the Reformation, separated both England and Scotland from the Church of Rome. The result of their conversion to the Protestant faith was the establishment in the former country of the Episcopal Church, and in the latter of the Presbyterian.

Perhaps Mr. Probyn may be, after all, the prophet destined to enlighten us in our great difficulty, and to give us the date of "the Reformation."

Mr. Probyn succeeds much better when he gets into more purely practical matters, and contrasts the ecclesiastical condition of Ireland with that of Canada. The contrast is certainly most striking. The parallel is closer than any that could be found between any other two parts of the British Empire; it is so close as to afford a reasonable hope that a change which has wrought so much good in Canada may at least do some good in Ireland. Canada, not so long ago the scene of rebellion, has been tranquillized by the very means by which it is hoped to tranquillize Ireland. The parallel is very well worked out by Mr. Probyn. And he sees with equal clearness through the false parallel which was so well worn during the late election—the transparent fallacy that the overthrow of the Church Establishment in Ireland involves the overthrow of the Church Establishment in England. This whole essay on the "Church System of Ireland and Canada" is well worth reading. Some of its statements and arguments had been already used by Mr. Probyn in the essay on the "Two Temporal Powers," but, as we before said, we cannot see the connexion between the two parts of that essay. The Irish Protestant Church is not a "temporal power" in Ireland in the sense in which the Pope is a "temporal power" in Rome. There are very good reasons for altogether changing the position of both institutions, but they are reasons of quite different kinds. And to deprive the Pope of his temporal sovereignty need not carry with it either disestablishment or disendowment. In this essay too Mr. Probyn brings in some considerations which are not to the purpose, such as the great fortunes left behind them by certain Irish Bishops. Now Mr. Probyn admits, with some simplicity, that in some of these cases the wealth of these prelates was by no means wholly ecclesiastical wealth, but that it came very largely from their private estates.

He admits also that he is describing a past and not a present state of things. But the truth is that statistics of this sort do not really touch the question. For a Bishop to make himself a great private fortune out of the estates of his church is undoubtedly a scandal. But it is not a greater scandal to do it in Ireland than to do it in England. The frightful abuses of the Irish Church, some of which never could have happened in England in the worst times, have undoubtedly done much to make the Irish Church still more unpopular than it would have been otherwise. But most of these abuses have been reformed, and anyhow they do not touch the root of the matter. It is not a question of particular abuses, but of the great abuse itself, the existence of the Irish Establishment at all. A good and faithful Irish Bishop, doing his duty as well as he can, is, so long as he retains his connexion with the State, really as great an injustice as the careless and scandalous Bishops a generation back. It is quite off the point to argue, as one often hears, that it is a shame for an Irish clergyman, who has perhaps twenty Protestant souls to look after, to have such and such an income, perhaps not more than the average income of an English clergyman. Now it is manifest that, if you endow a clergyman at all, you must give him enough to live upon, whether he has twenty souls or twenty thousand to look after. The fault is not in the amount of the endowment, but in there being any public endowment at all. We do not hesitate to say that, if there is to be a Protestant Rector of Clonmult, he ought to have more than 174*l.* a year, even though his Protestant congregation numbers only nine. But then we say that there should not be any Protestant Rector of Clonmult, holding a public endowment at all.

But the latter part of this essay, though it seems to us to have no natural connexion with the former part, is very good in itself. It is especially pleasant to see the Bonapartist feeling, with which Mr. Probyn set out, gradually dying out. The later conduct of France towards Italy is here well set forth, and the testimony is all the more valuable as coming from one who is certainly not anxious to be harder than is necessary on the present state of things in France.

#### BREEZIE LANGTON.\*

HAD the author of *Breezie Langton* omitted his name from the title-page, we should have unhesitatingly credited Mr. Whyte Melville with his labours. The force and truth of the hunting and racing sketches, the lively chat of the clubs and the barracks, the pleasant flirting scenes, and the general tone of good society that chastens even the slang, all carry us back far beyond the days of the extravagant *White Rose* to those of *Kate Coventry* and *Digby Grand*. We do not say that *Breezie Langton* is of a high class of fiction. Mr. Smart does not trust himself in the subtle mazes of complicated character, nor does he plunge into the depths of human nature to fetch up pearls from unlikely places. He deals chiefly with people who wear their hearts on their sleeves, and who rattle out what comes uppermost; and probably for the best of reasons. In fact, we fear the book may be taken as a very fair and not unflattering picture of certain sets in modern society; the dialogue is shallow, and yet with just enough of sparkle and humour to make it fairly readable without being unnaturally clever. We should call it a tolerably realistic picture of all that it professes to describe, were it not that the author sometimes sacrifices to the traditional improbabilities of conventional military fiction. Every man below the rank of a field officer—and pleasant fellows and agreeable companions most of them are—goes ahead in the most reckless manner. They bet on "good things," play unlimited loo, travel from barrack to ball over the length and breadth of England on unlimited leave and very limited means; and yet the survivors get to the end of the story without leaving much of their fleeces with the usurers, and with small damage to their modest patrimonies. Then it is sheer socialism to represent humble subalterns in the Line as received in the best houses, courted for private theatricals, and accepted offhand as eligible *parties*, with just the same improbable good fortune that used to fall to the lot of Lever's earlier creations. But even deducting all this—and it scarcely strikes you as unnatural, unless you approach the book in the cavilling spirit of the critic, so naturally is it all taken for granted—there is an air of truthfulness that strikes you throughout, and assures you that Mr. Hawley Smart has studied from the life what he undertakes to describe. We don't think he has been fortunate in his title; but, if he has failed there, it is a fault that carries with it its own penalty. *Breezie Langton* sounds like a dull conundrum that few people will take the trouble to guess. If you go to the book for the solution, you find Breezie is a fresh, airy, buoyant girl. She has fast manners, but then the novel is a fast one altogether. Tried by trouble, she proves to be cursed with deep feelings; and, although she is not the sort of woman to inspire a settled passion in a thoughtful man, few of Mr. Smart's readers will meet her often without being slightly taken with her. With Breezie and ourselves it was very far indeed from being a case of love at first sight, but she certainly improves on acquaintance, and so do most of the ladies in the book. The title might be "*Breezie Langton, or Much Better than We Seem*." They are all more or less of flirts, which is the less to be wondered at considering how very carefully all their *chaperons* are kept in the background. But then, when

\* *Breezie Langton. A Story of Fifty-two to Fifty-five.* By Hawley Smart. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley.



they marry for love, they make excellent wives, and find their disinterestedness rewarded; and even when they marry for money, they extricate themselves with dignity and virtue from the false position they have accepted. As for the men, we see at once that the book is written by one of themselves. We have none of the muscular fiends that "Ouida" loves to paint, with their girlish forms, nerves of steel, and constitutions of iron—men modelled on the Rudolph of Eugène Sue, who always rise superior to the emergency, no matter how formidable, and brace their unflinching strength and unflinching courage with a ceaseless round of effeminate debauchery. Mr. Smart's gentlemen see a good deal of life of one sort or another, and are very far from being ascetics. They are very generally of the Turf, turf, and look on Newmarket, Epsom, and Doncaster as the great centres of English industry. But they are gentlemen, and men of like weaknesses with ourselves. They occasionally are deceived in their knowledge of human nature, none of them know absolutely everything, and headache is usually found to follow on dissipation. Perhaps we may take exception to the monotony of the characters, and wish the author had launched out into a wider range; for even the men who not only have been gifted with brains, but have been at the pains to cultivate them, chime in with the common tone. Tom Lyttelbeck—we were nearly scared back by the name on the very threshold of the book—successful writer of articles and novels as he is, has the good taste invariably to adapt himself to the tone of the company in which he finds himself, with the tact of a gentleman and the versatility of a man of genius. Cis Langton, also a writer and a newspaper correspondent as well, seeks distraction from an early blight of his affections by plunging into reckless speculation on the Turf, and only reverts to the literary labours he lives by when he has parted with the proceeds of his last bout of industry. But it is clearly pleasanter reading when the conversation is levelled up than when it is levelled down, and, we repeat, the dialogue, repartee, and story-telling are most flattering echoes of what one is likely to hear in any news-room or smoking-room in London clubs or British garrisons.

Frail and rickety in the extreme, the structure of the plot is the feeblest part of the book; but then the book scarcely rests on it, and all the interest lies in the series of separate incidents, and the personages who figure in them. Take the hunt steeple-chase, for example, where Charlie Repton, the hospitable owner of the neighbouring mansion filled with the crowd of his guests, rides his own horse. It is made one of the two favourites, the other being The Slasher, a horse famous in the hunt. Repton's friends have backed him heavily, and Delpré—the demon of the story, Captain in Her Majesty's service, over head and ears in difficulties, and something of a leg—plays a grand coup for extrication; and, fancying he has got on to a good thing, "plunges" heavily on Repton and his mare. He has made up his mind she is decidedly better than The Slasher, and believes there is nothing else in the betting. But as he passes the weighing-room, "a little man was seated in the scales, apparently in a state of great nervous agitation about his weight":—

"What horrible weather," he exclaimed, "to ask a man to ride in. I shall get my death of cold, or be laid up with rheumatism for the remainder of the winter."

"What's that?" inquired Delpré of a bystander, and he indicated the horse.

"This, sir," answered the little man in the most plaintive of tones—he was got up all in black, and looked in manner and costume as if dressed for his own funeral—"is Mr. Martin's brown beast 'The Novice.' I'm the other one. Novice I mean, not beast. Nice sort of animal and nice sort of day to begin one's career as a steeple-chase rider, isn't it? So kind of Mr. Martin, wasn't it, to bring me down to ride that beast of a brougham horse through a pea-soup fog. . . . Now, Martin, where's the fire-escape to get up by?" said the small man. "Oh, well, chuck away, but you'll never do it," he continued, as Mr. Martin, on the broad grin, advanced to give him a leg up. "By Jove, I'm all here," he said, as he was thrown into the saddle. "Mind, if it is not my neck, I'll have brandy and water as soon as you can get it down my throat. Telegraph to Fergusson to come and set what's broke; none of your country doctors, mind; that's our agreement, and you're to keep me till I'm all right again."

"Best looking and best goer of the lot!" mutters Delpré, as he saw The Novice and his rider canter past. "Has Mr. Johnson ridden much?" he inquires of his neighbour. "Johnson be damned!" was the reply. "That's Plausible Plum, the biggest gammoner out," &c.

And Plausible justifies his name by rushing at his fences alongside of Repton's fiery mare, flurries her, throws her out, lands "The Novice" a winner by a head, and swamps Delpré.

Finally comes the campaign in the Crimea, breaking up all the flirtations, and carrying off some of the characters, among others the lover of poor Breezie Langton. And we venture to pronounce the pictures at Constantinople and the seat of war, the scenes from the camp and the trenches, very much more vivid than anything in *Dr. Brady*, although that was written by the "pen of the war." There is little attempt at military history or fine writing. We live under canvass with subalterns who are hard set to kill time and eke out rations, not with generals of division, weighed down with their responsibilities, and commanding the meagre markets for their larders. Lieutenant Rolls—Crums is his regimental *sobriquet*, and literally his *nom de guerre*—is a fellow of infinite jest, who devotes time, money, and energies to supplementing the commissariat. He varies his foraging by exhibiting his taste for horseflesh in pony dealing, or rather pony stealing. In fact his manner of trading would have undoubtedly brought him to the bar of the Old Bailey in England, or of Judge Lynch in the Trans-Mississippi

States. He comes by appointment to fetch his friend Travers and baggage from Balaklava to the front:—

"Confound it, Jack," he said; "blessed if they haven't stole my pony while I was shopping. It's true I've got hold of another, but he's not half so good as my own. Besides somebody may claim him any minute. I haven't an idea where he is. Wait a minute while I get a pair of scissors. He's very rough, and wants trimming a bit. Won't look quite so like himself either, after I've operated on him, which will be an advantage."

Having docked the animal's tail and hogged his mane, Rolls loaded his friend's baggage on its back, and the three started for the front. Unluckily the roads were heavy, and the pace slow, and the bereaved owner, following the trail, overtook and reclaimed his property; his natural indignation and his gravity finally yielding to the cool impudence of the culprit. A very similar Providence sent Rolls a goose for his Christmas dinner:—

I happened to be cruising about our lines early one morning, and met my friend waddling along not very far from the Colonel's tent. "Deserting by Jove," said I, and immediately knocked him on the head and picked him up. Then it struck me I had heard the Colonel had got hold of a goose or two, so I sat down and plucked him right off.

Stories like these partake rather more of the character of broad farce than genteel comedy, but we believe they are not much of caricatures, although all corps were not blessed with such zealous and unscrupulous caterers as Mr. Rolls.

After giving these practical Joe Millers, it would be unfair to part from Mr. Smart without a specimen of his descriptive powers. Take the unsuccessful attack on the Redan. It is unpretending, and seems to us very vivid:—

"There go the supports," said Jack, as another mass slowly forms outside the parapet. Crash go the flank batteries of the Redan, and a storm of grape cuts up the ground in front of the storming column. The smoke now almost concealed the works. The trench is a blaze of musquetry, and the fierceness with which the grape and shot whistle about it shows that the Russians endeavour to reciprocate its attentions. The smoke lifts. Clear against the sky, standing on the parapet of the salient angle of the Redan, is the figure of a man. He is a Russian evidently, and is firing rifles at the assaulting party as fast as his comrades can hand them to him. Good God! they have not got in yet, or he could not be there. More than a hundred rifles are aimed at him. He bears a charmed life, and continues to fire rapidly from his exposed position. Ah! he is hit at last. He throws his arms wildly in the air, and falls backwards among his comrades in the interior of the work. . . . The fire gradually slackens, the supports have thrown out skirmishers, the grape cuts the ground all around them, three or four roll over never to rise again, the skirmishers retire, still rapidly dropping. The truth flashes across Herries—"We are beat back."

In fact, *Breezie Langton* is a book of which one can best give an idea by quotations, and as, like most novels, the style is more diffuse than terse, it is difficult to do that and yet do it justice. Superfine readers may with some show of reason call it fast and slangy, but it would be utterly unreasonable to pronounce it immoral or vulgar. We predict for it a decided success in clubs and barracks, and it will recommend itself most to those who are most at home in the scenes it describes. And, forced and improbable as is the plot, its heroine interests us quite sufficiently to put us out of temper with the author for clouding her sunny life with a catastrophe so melancholy.

#### LIFE OF NICHOLAS PAVILLON.\*

THE name of the Bishop of Alet will probably be new to many of our readers. Few even of those who are familiar with the interesting autobiography of the late Mrs. Schimmelpenninck are likely to be familiar with her *Memoirs of Port-Royal*, and Nicholas Pavillon is not mentioned, so far as we recollect, in Sir James Stephens's well-known essay on the Port-Royalists, or in St.-Beuve's more elaborate work on the same subject. Yet the Bishop of Alet well deserves a *vates sacer* on more accounts than one, though we fail to discern the close analogy between his character and career and Bishop Ken's, which seems to have impressed so forcibly the mind of his present biographer. Both were conspicuous for their piety in an age of perhaps more than average worldliness, and both exhibited to a generation of timeserving and obsequious prelates a bright example of independent adherence at all costs to their own convictions of right and truth. But there the similarity ends. No apology, however, is needed for rescuing from oblivion the memory of a bishop appointed by Richelieu, and whose episcopate extended over the first thirty-seven years of the reign of Louis XIV., but who was no courtier, and who in the scandalous crusade of the Jesuits against the Jansenists deliberately took the side of the persecuted party in opposition alike to Pope and King. The external events of the life of Nicholas Pavillon are not, for the most part, remarkable, though he lived to the age of eighty; but his public career coincides with a period of French ecclesiastical history which is on many accounts instructive. The Church of the *ancien régime*, which was finally swept away at the Revolution, was already beginning—to use words frequently applied a generation back to the Church of England—to "die of dignity." Though Pavillon's parents appear to have been pious people in their way, they felt no scruple in purchasing a rich canonry for him while still a boy, and only allowed him to resign the appointment, at his own urgent request, on condition of his retaining the stipend! Later, when he became Bishop of Alet, he had great difficulty

\* *The Life of Nicholas Pavillon, Bishop of Alet; chiefly translated from the French. By a Layman of the Church of England. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1869.*

in ejecting a youth, who had only received the first tonsure, from the deanery of his cathedral, and enforcing residence on his clergy, among whom non-residence seems to have been the rule rather than the exception. Even in a case of gross profligacy his deprivation of the offending *cure* was summarily overruled by the metropolitan. The distrust of conventual establishments which, as we shall see, he manifested throughout his life, may be partly explained by the disreputable condition of too many of the religious houses in France at the time. A large number were suppressed by Innocent X. and Alexander VII., the former of whom called them "asylums for licentiousness and crime." On the other hand, as often happens in an age of moral declension, the Church was torn by the fiercest theological passions. Pavillon lived to witness the iniquitous persecution of the Port-Royalists, and the monstrous attempt of their Jesuit assailants to impose on them the infallibility of the Pope in questions of "dogmatic fact," through the condemnation of the famous "Five Propositions," said to be extracted from the works of Jansenius, *in sensu auctoris*, as they persuaded Alexander VII. to word it, though his successor waived the point. He only lived to see the beginning of the contest between the *Regale* and *Pontificale*, when the same Jesuits, finding Innocent XI. favourably disposed towards the Jansenists, threw the whole weight of their then immense influence into the scale of the Royal authority against the Papal, and succeeded, through the influence of the Court confessors with the King and his mistresses, in filling all the French sees with creatures of their own. Little as he sympathized with Ultramontanism, he would have been amazed to find Jesuits employed in drawing up the Declaration of Gallican Liberties, and at a later period, when threatened with dissolution, actually offering to teach the "Four Propositions" in all their colleges. Yet these are undoubted facts. A work by one of them, Père Maimbourg, in defence of Gallicanism, was put on the Index, and the Pope ordered them to turn him out of the society—an order they evaded. When their General, Gonzalez, wrote, by Innocent's desire, against "probabilism"—the system so scathingly exposed in the *Provincial Letters*—and in defence of Papal autocracy, they held an extraordinary chapter to depose him, and were only restrained from doing so by the express prohibition of the Pope. In the earlier period of the quarrel, during which Bishop Pavillon was mixed up with it, they were able to use the combined influence of the French and Roman Courts to crush their opponents, and they used it with a cynical indifference to the moral aspects of the controversy which seems almost incredible to us now, for whatever of moral and spiritual life remained in the French Church ranged itself conspicuously and without hesitation on the side of the Port-Royalists. If ever there were saints on earth, men like Nicole and Arnauld must be reckoned among them. And the subject of the present narrative has an equal claim to the title, though no one is less likely to be canonized.

Nicholas Pavillon was born in 1597, and was early distinguished for his piety, and his abilities as a preacher. Cardinal Richelieu, who had a commander's eye for genuine merit, of whatever kind, and was willing to reward it where he could do so without prejudice to his policy, offered him, in his fortieth year, the see of Alet, which he was, after long hesitation, persuaded to accept, though he rigorously declined all subsequent offers of higher promotion. Two years elapsed before the necessary Bulls for his consecration could be obtained from Rome, owing to the misunderstandings existing between the French and Papal Courts, and he devoted the time to prayer and study. On his arrival at Alet he found the episcopal palace in ruins, his predecessors having preferred to reside at a neighbouring château, and both clergy and people in a state of the lowest ignorance and demoralization. The following passage will give some idea of the state of the French Church in the middle of the seventeenth century:—

With regard to spiritual matters the state of things which prevailed on the arrival of M. d'Alet was equally deplorable. For nearly a century this bishopric had been held by five or six prelates as if in *Commendam*. It was only in the year 1622, after the spoliation of the town of Alet by the Huguenots, who kept possession of it for a period of ten or twelve years, that M. Polverel, a gentleman of Auvergne, was nominated to this see. He had the reputation of being a pious and learned man, but died before the necessary preparations could be made for his installation. His brother, who was at that time a cavalry officer, an ignorant man, of immoral character, and destitute of any learning or ability, and who had done some service for the Crown, was advised to apply for the vacant bishopric as a recompense for his services. He did so, and some idea may be formed of the fearful abuses prevalent in that day in France during the reign of Louis XIII. by the fact that such an application should be successful. The bishopric of Alet was conferred upon this man in the year 1622, and he kept possession of it until his death, which took place in the year 1637. During the fifteen years of his episcopate his manner of life was very much the same as before he entered upon it. With the revenues of the see he purchased the appointment of Almoner to Queen Mary de Medicis, and also that of Chapel Master to the King. When not at Court he resided chiefly at the Château de Cornavel, in company with a female whom he had formerly seduced, and by whom he had several children, two of whom he publicly acknowledged and provided with the best benefices in the diocese. He went so far as to give two or three of the most valuable livings to one of his nieces, who received the revenues and engaged hired priests to perform the duties.

On hearing who was appointed to succeed this estimable prelate the first act of the clergy was to unite in a vow to the Blessed Virgin to secure her protection against their new Bishop, and they actually had a picture of the pious ceremony painted, which is still preserved. The Bishop at first availed himself of the aid of the Jesuits, in reforming his diocese, but soon found, as might have been expected, that they would submit to no authority but

that of their own Order, and the estrangement thus commenced only deepened in the course of time. The account of his devoted labours in raising the spiritual condition of both priests and people is very interesting. One of his methods, which came afterwards to be associated with the Jansenist programme, was the revival of public penances—in which, by the by, he reminds us more of Bishop Wilson than of Bishop Ken—and this appears for the time to have been a success. But then the diocese of Alet was in a remote part of the country, and the inhabitants were mainly of the humbler classes, though the Bishop applied the same discipline, if we may accept his biographer's statement, to the lord of the manor as to the peasant. With the monks as well as the Jesuits, who took an early opportunity of bringing a charge of Jansenism against him, the Bishop came into collision, nor did he gain anything beyond fair words by an appeal to Rome against their opposition to his measures. In a sisterhood of "Regents" which he founded, and which Mrs. Schimmelpenninck has described in her *Memoirs of Port-Royal*, he strictly prohibited vows, or indeed any attempt at permanent organization, on the double ground that all communities degenerate in the course of time, and that the works of charity suited to one age may not be those required in another. He seems invariably to have dissuaded those who consulted him about entering religious orders, whether male or female. Thus he advised the Princess of Conti against retiring into a Carmelite convent on her husband's death; and when several ecclesiastics in his diocese had taken a vow to embrace the monastic life, he applied to the Pope for a dispensation, which was granted, on the ground that their services were needed for active work, and that "it has ever been the mind and feeling of the Church, that its true interests should be preferred before vows and obligations of this description." Coincident with the decay of masculine piety was the growth of an extravagant and maudlin devotion to the Virgin which was censured in a work, highly recommended by the Bishop of Tournai, entitled *Sabbatary Counsels from the Holy Virgin to her indiscreet Devotees*. The monks and many of the secular clergy were indignant, but Bishop Pavillon arranged for its republication with the imprimatur of a considerable number of the French Bishops.

It was not till the later years of his episcopate that the Bishop was directly involved in the Jansenist controversy. In 1656 appeared the *Provincial Letters*, which he hailed with thankfulness, but soon afterwards followed the *Apology for the Casuists*, reproducing all the lax principles of morality which Pascal had condemned. On this Pavillon wrote to Pope Alexander VII. to point out the danger to which true religion was exposed in France, not, as formerly, by the assaults of heretics, but by the teaching of the ministers of the altar. And, in conjunction with four other Bishops assembled at Alet, he subscribed a formal censure of the *Apology*. This was to declare open war with the Jesuits and the monastic Orders, and they pursued him for the remaining twenty years of his life with that ingenuity of malicious bitterness which only the *odium theologicum* can produce. We cannot follow the details of the famous controversy on the *Augustinus* of Jansen here. Suffice it to say that the work had appeared in 1640, and the Five Propositions deduced from it by the Jesuit critics were censured by Innocent X. in 1653 on the application of thirty-eight French Bishops, on which a formula was drawn up and required by the Government to be subscribed. But the opposite party denied that the propositions, which they professed their readiness to condemn, were contained in the *Augustinus*. Thirty-nine Bishops met in Paris and decided against them, and the next Pope, Alexander VII., decided that the Five Propositions were extracted from Jansen's book, and were condemned in the sense intended by him, thus tacitly claiming infallibility in matters of "dogmatic fact," as the phrase ran. This opened out a fresh controversy, and bitter were the persecutions the Port-Royalists were subjected to in order to induce them to sign what they held to be a false declaration on a question of fact. Pavillon at first refused to take any side in the controversy, and even replied to Arnauld that those who were required to make the subscription ought to make it, whatever might have been their own previous opinion. But on being further pressed, and, examining the matter more closely, he felt unable any longer to remain neutral, and when, in 1661, Louis XIV. sent a circular letter to all the Bishops requiring them to sign the formula, he not only refused, but explained his refusal in an outspoken letter of remonstrance addressed to the King, protesting against the usurped authority of the Government, which the Jesuits had invoked, in questions of faith. At their instigation a second decree was issued the following year, ordering the immediate signatures of all the Bishops who had hitherto refused. Pavillon was firm, and two years later a fresh declaration of the King was made in Parliament, threatening severe penalties on all who still resisted. On this the Bishop wrote again to the King, and moreover forbade any of his clergy to sign under pain of excommunication. The few who disobeyed him were only pardoned on making a formal retraction of their signatures, besides undergoing various penances. The King and the Jesuits were very angry, and after various futile attempts at accommodation, a Brief was procured from Alexander VII., on his deathbed, positively enjoining the four Bishops who still held out to sign the formula without reservation within thirty days, on pain of suspension and interdict, but within three weeks the Pope died, and the Brief became void. Nineteen Bishops now addressed the new Pope, Clement IX., in vindication of their four brethren, whose



eminent virtues they said were the ornaments of their order, and many more expressed themselves against the infallibility of the Church on matters of fact. At length the four recalcitrant prelates agreed to sign a letter to the Pope, accepting the formula "sincerely," instead of "purely and simply," which was understood to leave open the question of fact. This argument was called "The Peace of Clement VII."; but, as might have been expected, the Jesuits would not allow it to remain undisturbed, and Pavillon always afterwards regretted his partial concession. On another point he was less flexible. The Jesuits had extorted even from the gentle and judicious Clement IX. a condemnation of a work called the *Ritual of the Bishop of Alet*, in a Brief pronounced by competent judges to be the most scandalous and irregular ever issued from the Court of Rome. It was, as the biographer justly observes, "a striking evidence how generally the interests of the Court of Rome prevail over the true interests of the Church, and that, however great may be the Pope's love for truth and justice, it is a difficult matter to resist the current of opinions that prevails around him, and which often leads him to sacrifice his better judgment to political considerations." The Bishop prepared a defence of his Church and Ritual, endorsed by the signatures of twenty-nine French Bishops, and the death of Clement IX., after a pontificate of only three years, terminated the affair. His next contest—for his career was one of perpetual struggle, though he was naturally a man of peace—was with the King about the *Regale*, and in this he had the full sympathy and support of Innocent XI. (Odescalchi), but he died the year after that able and excellent pontiff ascended the throne, worn out with labours and trials.

The translator has discharged his task very creditably, but the narrative would have read more naturally if he had been rather less solicitous about adapting its language to the supposed requirements of members of the English Church. There is something a little affected, for instance, in constantly speaking of "administering" or "celebrating the Holy Communion," when the original doubtless speaks of celebrating the mass. But the book is one which will have an interest for many readers both of the Bishop's communion and the "Layman's."

#### BURRITT'S THOUGHTS AND NOTES.\*

THIS little book is a republication of essays contributed some years ago to the *Christian Citizen*, the *Bond of Brotherhood*, and other lively periodicals, now, it would seem, extinct. Their author is Elihu Burritt, otherwise known as the "learned blacksmith," and a very good specimen of the genuine Connecticut Yankee. Their merit in a literary point of view is of course trifling, and they may be set down as rising to about the ordinary standard of religious tracts. It is difficult to say what may be the tastes of consumers of that kind of intellectual food, and perhaps our verdict would not be of any great weight with them. We will therefore content ourselves with bearing testimony to the fact that the book is perfectly harmless, that it contains nothing likely to disturb the most infantile powers of digestion, and that, if it does either good or harm, we see no reason to doubt that the good will distinctly preponderate. To criticize such a production seriously would be a complete waste of labour, but it may be just worth while to notice it as a picture of one phase of human character. There are a great many people in the world who sit at the feet of Mr. Elihu Burritt and teachers endowed with similar qualifications for the prophetic office. Although we do not share their reverence, we could not afford, even if we were inclined, to despise their sentiments. They have the importance due to numbers and to an average degree of intelligence. If we could look upon our own time from a purely philosophical point of view, it would perhaps be as important to understand the tendencies of the lower stratum of the middle classes as those of the more cultivated thinkers who flatter themselves that they have pierced to the essence of things. After all, many philosophers talk as great nonsense as any human being can talk, though the fact is concealed from their own generation.

Let us endeavour, then, to sum up the principal articles of the Burritt creed. It is short, simple, and, in a certain sense, undeniably true. Mr. Burritt is a philanthropist of the most cosmopolitan aspirations. His ideal is a vast confederation of mankind in which there shall be no war, no drunkenness, no slavery, and a universal system of penny postage. This last improvement seems to occupy a rather disproportionate space in his anticipations of the future. For England, in the warmest outpourings of enthusiastic philanthropy, he can find no better title than "Land of the Penny Post"! Rising to his loftiest mood, he remarks:—"Sunbeam of summer, what is like thee? sung a sweet spirit whose poetry was the breath of flowers. Had she lived to witness the light of gladness which Rowland Hill's great boon diffuses every morning through thousands of English homes, she might have answered, One thing is like thee—it is the PENNY POST." And he proceeds, in a glowing rhapsody, to point out the close resemblance between the post and the sunbeam. This was written before the adoption of a similar system in America; but, if we may put any faith in Mr. Reverdy Johnson's promises,

we may see before long the adoption of an ocean penny post, and then the analogy between the post and sunbeams will be, if possible, stronger. We fear that Mr. Burritt's other anticipations have scarcely the chance of so rapid a fulfilment. War, he says, costs a great deal of money and a vast number of lives, and it ought to be speedily put down. With a touching persistency he republishes an essay written some twenty years ago, proving by the arguments then so familiar that the cause of universal peace was about to triumph. There was the great meeting at Paris, where Cobden and Victor Hugo sat beside Carové of Germany and Durker of Wisconsin, U.S. The Brussels Congress, the great arbitration movement in England, and the noble demonstration in Paris, all transpired, he says, within the space of eleven months. "Contrast the progress of those eleven months with that of the preceding eleven years, and see if it has not proved that we are reaching onward to the grand consummation of that cause by an intense ratio of geometrical progression." Unluckily we can now contrast it with the progress of the next twenty years, and if we would adopt this ingenious mode of reasoning, we should have cause to infer that we are going backward to the ages of incessant warfare by an equally rapid progress. Within that time every great nation of Europe and America has been carrying on desperate wars with its neighbours or itself. Poor Mr. Elihu Burritt recommended his countrymen to abolish slavery by compensating the owners instead of by fighting. He remarks pathetically that they have spent ten times more in money alone than would have been sufficient to carry out his peaceful plan. We rather think that the war has converted many American peace advocates to the conclusion that there are certain questions which, in the present stage of civilization, can only be settled by downright brute force; and if a further dream of Mr. Burritt's should ever be carried out, this principle will receive a few further illustrations. Looking at matters from an American point of view, he cannot see why there should be more than three nations in Continental Europe. Every clear-sighted American, we are told, sees this to be inevitable. Sweden is as near to Germany as Ireland to Great Britain; and by dividing Europe into three parts, none of the resulting nations would have a greater population than that which will occupy the United States in another generation or so. Thus Germany should take in Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, and the whole of Italy. France should include not only Belgium, but Holland, and, more strangely still, Spain and Portugal. Russia would of course occupy Greece and Turkey and the Principalities. What would become of poor little England we know not; perhaps it would be taken under the wing of the great Western Republic. Why Mr. Burritt should go so far and then stop it is not easy to see. One great recommendation of this ingenious plan is that the mixture of different nationalities would tend to counteract their faults. The French vivacity, for example, would be advantageously tempered by Dutch phlegm; and the lymphatic temperament of the German race would be all the better for admixture with the more fiery South. Whilst he is about it, he might as well have stirred up the whole mass into one homogeneous whole, and mixed a gigantic salad from the various elements of European civilization. Of course this is all to be brought about peaceably, and perhaps in another thousand years or so our descendants may enjoy a millennium in which Europe will be occupied by a vast population of many hundreds of millions of people, with no marked differences, and all of them, if we may venture an anticipation on our own account, strongly resembling Mr. Elihu Burritt; for, of course, every social reformer thinks that reform consists essentially in making every one else as like as possible to himself.

We are in the habit of laughing at peacemakers; and yet they might retort upon us with apparent fairness. Can you really say, they may ask, that our dreams are not better than your cynicism? We look forward to the advent of universal peace, and advocate it on grounds of commerce and Christianity. Laugh if you will, but how dispute the statement that a good many millions a year would be saved, and that the world would be much better if our policy were adopted? Pascal was surely right when he said that it was wicked for men to cut each other's throats simply because they lived on opposite sides of a river; and Voltaire, when he demonstrated that men in all ages had been immense fools for murdering each other by wholesale instead of settling their disputes by pure reason. If the scornors would lay aside their cynicism, they would remove the great obstacle to the advent of common sense and universal peace. They have no right to mock at our enthusiasm when their mockery is the very thing which makes it visionary. Even if we grant that war once had its uses, may we not hasten the good time when we shall be able to dispense with what is already an anomaly, and which becomes more anomalous in proportion as we can induce men to cherish our dreams? Certainly, we make no direct objections to this. It is very likely well that Burritts should flourish, and that many people should receive in such form as is most suitable to their minds the truth that war is a great evil which sometime or other may be expected to disappear. Even the most prosaic of visions, the dullest millennium that was ever pictured by a Quaker or a cotton-spinner, is better than a simple acquiescence in the existing evils of the world. Only we would suggest to Mr. Burritt's school that there is a weak point in their argument, which they may as well consider, and which is illustrated by the cases we have just noticed. The ardent abolitionists of America were for the most

\* *Thoughts and Notes at Home and Abroad.* By Elihu Burritt. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin. 1868

part peacemakers. Mr. Hosea Biglow denounced slavery, and equally denounced war:—

As for war, I call it murder,  
There you hev it plain and flat;  
I don't want to go no further  
Than my Testament for that.

Unluckily, in the existing state of human nature, the cry for abolition led of necessity to war. It was all very well to say that human nature ought to be better. Undoubtedly it ought; but meanwhile you must be content either to abandon your denunciations of evil or to abandon your hopes of peace. If the world is to be imbued with an ardent aspiration for gathering Europe into three great nations, it will undoubtedly have to fight for its realization. The prophet can excite believers, but unluckily he only produces a counter-irritation in the mass of non-believers. He does not bring peace into the world, but a sword; and to say that he is not responsible for the evil which he indirectly produces is to make as good an excuse as a man who should put a match into a powder-magazine, and say that he had requested it to blow up softly. Some people have extended their dislike to capital punishment to a dislike to all punishment whatever. We should all sympathize with them most heartily if they would only persuade other people to give up crime. For the present, an objection to war is much of the same value. It will simply leave the tyrants and military zealots, who will not listen to the charming of Mr. Burritt, to have their own way; and, on the whole, we consider that there was better logic in the decision of the last Peace Congress, who proposed to prepare the way for universal peace by finishing up all the arrears of war, and settling every conceivable question permanently and once for all. In short, it is the characteristic of narrow-minded reformers to propose the absolute suppression of some symptom of social disease without trying to suppress its causes; yet we may hope that what is sensible in their efforts will not be thrown away, and that they will gradually increase the reluctance to appeal to brute force. And as Mr. Burritt is an amiable as well as a "learned blacksmith," we will take leave of him on good terms, with the expression of this sincere wish.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

**A** BIOGRAPHICAL dictionary of dates\*, giving the periods of the chief events in the life of every person of celebrity, would be an invaluable work, requiring for its satisfactory accomplishment, not only great erudition and perseverance, but also much judgment and discrimination. It may be feared that Herr Oettinger is somewhat deficient in these latter qualities. His plan is at once too narrow and too wide. The dates of birth, marriage, and death, which are all he gives, are acceptable so far as they go, but only go a little way. The compiler virtually acknowledges the insufficiency of his system on arriving at Napoleon Buonaparte. His heart fails him here; he cannot content himself with the bare information that the great Corsican was born, married, and died; and, in contempt of his own principle, he records the dates of the chief events of his life. What has been done here should have been done everywhere, and the necessary space should have been obtained by the sacrifice of the innumerable insignificant names which encumber the work. We are not solicitous for information respecting "Audovera, consort of King Chilperic," or "Henrietta Hedwig, divorced from Johann Ludwig von Sandersleben, and subsequently espoused to the Duke of Wurtemberg-Mumpelgard." Herr Oettinger also seems to labour under the delusion that every English peer is *ipso facto* a statesman, which has crowded his work with names much better known at Newmarket than at St. Stephen's. His omissions are sometimes as surprising as his insertions; it is, for instance, to his credit to have discovered Mr. Daniel Wakefield the Chancery barrister, but how the diligence that unearthed Daniel should have failed to detect Edward Gibbon Wakefield is very difficult to imagine. A work of this kind can hardly be satisfactorily accomplished by one writer, or indeed by a committee of writers of the same nation. Foreigners cannot be expected to possess an exhaustive and accurate knowledge of the history and literature of other nations. A Spanish collaborator would have saved Herr Oettinger from making St. Francis Borgia an Italian; an English colleague would have informed him that Robert and Elizabeth Browning were poets, and that the designation *Schriftsteller* was as inappropriate to them as it would have been to Tennyson, whose marriage, by the way, has escaped his research, and who hence makes no more conspicuous figure in his pages than the humblest son of Apollo. One notice is particularly amusing from its meagreness, that of Nancy Parsons. As nobody knows when she was born, and Herr Oettinger does not know when she died, and she probably dispensed with the marriage ceremony, she is simply recorded as "an English actress, dates unknown." Why, then, mention her at all in a dictionary of dates? On the whole, we must regard this enormous, and in many respects meritorious, volume rather as the skeleton of a future edifice than as an edifice itself.

Austria is at present out of fashion in Germany; she is the scapegoat on which the sins of the nation are laid. Germans are naturally unwilling to attribute their long disunion and com-

parative impotence to defects in the national character. An equally specious and much more agreeable explanation is readily found, now in the blind bigotry, now in the selfish policy, of the State which so long aspired to lead the nation. Any inquiry whether Austria's successful rival might not be equally open to the same indictment would probably be discountenanced as impertinent and unseasonable. Under these circumstances, it is surprising to find any history of the vituperated State, especially one written by a Professor in the Prussian dominions, so favourable as the posthumous work of Professor Perthes.\* The explanation must probably be sought in the writer's personal or political affinities. However this may be, his impartiality even degenerates into indulgence. Although a Protestant himself, he is ready to defend that alliance with the Court of Rome which has occasioned half the misfortunes of Austria, and which her statesmen would now so willingly dissolve. The work is, however, pleasingly written, displays much skill in arrangement and condensation, and contains many interesting sketches of celebrities, especially one of Gentz. It is incomplete, but reaches the days of Napoleon.

Herr Burckhardt's work on the Italian Renaissance† would demand a very elaborate notice if it were perfectly new. Although a republication, it yet deserves to be indicated as a mine of information in this much misrepresented era of human development. Puritan intolerance, though assuming a different form and manifested in a different way, has desecrated the shrines of the Renaissance as effectually as it did the cathedrals of the middle ages. The conscientious effort after absolute perfection, visible in all the artistic and intellectual creations of the period, has been persistently represented as narrowness, conceit, and sensuality. It is Herr Burckhardt's merit to insist on the romantic aspect of the epoch. He shows not only its strength and its refinement, but its genuine simplicity, displayed in a fashion which, in the nature of things, can never be repeated. The ancient world can have no second resurrection; there can be no other such thrill of amazement and admiration as then penetrated all orders of society, and of which the author adduces many most interesting and even touching examples. The chivalrous sentiment of the middle ages was not extinguished; it was merely transferred to a different class of objects, but for which influx of ideas Europe would have become as stagnant as the East. The author, for instance, shows how the pensive feeling evoked by the contemplation of antique ruins, unappreciated until then, became an important factor in the modern sentiment for landscape. Herr Burckhardt is more successful in the accumulation than in the arrangement of his materials; but his work is nevertheless a treasury of information interspersed with picturesque traits and anecdotes.

Baron von Maltzan‡ is already known to us as an adventurous and entertaining traveller in Arabia, and we find him again on what, if not geographically, is perhaps essentially, the most Oriental district of Europe. Sardinia was for ages debateable ground between the children of Shem and of Japheth, and to this day sufficient traces of Phœnician and Saracenic occupation remain to repay the careful attention of Orientalists. More curious still are the nondescript remnants of a pre-historic religion, leavened with the ideas of Greece, Egypt, and Phœnicia; and the *muraghe* or ancient forts, the counterparts of the round towers of Ireland, of which, more truly than of the Pyramids, it may be said that they have forgotten the names of their founders. The archaeological element is copiously represented in Baron von Maltzan's book, which is profusely illustrated with engravings of the objects described. Personal narrative is not lacking, and there is a perfect opulence of information respecting towns, landscapes, manners and customs, the political and social condition of the country, its commerce, natural productions, and geological conformation. There is also a most interesting chapter on the language and literature of the island. The former would appear to be a remarkably fine dialect of Italian, approximating to the Spanish type (*Lusbe*, the name of the evil spirit which so puzzles Baron von Maltzan, is the Spanish *Luzbel*), exquisitely musical, and capable of a high degree of cultivation. The most valuable part of the literature is the poetical, which is chiefly amorous or religious. The estrangement and imperfect civilization of the island have been favourable to the local muse, who will probably be dislodged from her haunts when the inhabitants have learned to look upon themselves as Italians. According to the Baron, they have invariably yielded but a grudging submission to the Piedmontese, but are perfectly contented to be comprehended along with their former masters in the general union of Italy. Baron von Maltzan's work is evidently to a considerable extent a compilation, but there is enough of independent research to maintain amply his credit as a traveller.

Herr Titus Tobler§, the renowned and veteran topographer of

\* *Politische Zustände und Personen in den deutschen Ländern des Hauses Oesterreich von Carl VI. bis Metternich.* Von C. J. Perthes. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Cultur der Renaissance in Italien.* Von Jacob Burckhardt. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Reise auf der Insel Sardinien. Nebst einem Anhang über die phœnischen Inschriften Sardiniens.* Von Heinrich Freiherrn von Maltzan. Leipzig: Dyck. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Nazareth in Palästina. Nebst Anhang der vierten Wanderung.* Von Titus Tobler. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Moniteur des Dates. Biographisch-genealogisch-historisches Welt-Register, enthaltend den Heimaths- und Geburts-Schein, den Heirathakt und Todestag von mehr als 100,000 geschichtlichen Persönlichkeiten.* Von E. M. Oettinger. Leipzig: Denicke. London: Williams & Norgate.

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the Holy Land, has added to the numerous obligations under which he has already laid all students in this department of knowledge, by a most elaborate treatise on Nazareth. Dissatisfied with his personal exploration of the locality, and unable from age and infirmity to supplement it by a second expedition, he has applied to the resident missionary, Zeller, who has furnished him with categorical answers to no less than two hundred queries, and also with a plan of the city. Tobler's gigantic industry, and perfect acquaintance with whatever has been written on the subject, have done the rest, and enabled him to produce a work moderate indeed in compass, but teeming with information, historical, topographical, and archæological. It may not be generally known that a pillar in the convent at Nazareth emulates Mahomet's coffin by remaining suspended in the air. In this case the explanation of the mystery is not far to seek—the column is indeed disconnected from the floor, but by no means from the ceiling. The miracle does not suffer on this account in the estimation of the pilgrims.

"From Eden to Golgotha" \* is a very different sort of topography from the prosaic but sober and accurate labours of Titus Tobler. The conception is good; the writer proposes to accompany the Hebrew race through every stage of their eventful history, and, as the scene of action shifts from age to age, to bring the light of his research to bear upon the constantly varying features of geography, philology, and ethnology. No way deficient in the learning demanded by his task, he is so to a most unfortunate degree in the humbler, but not less essential, requisite of a sound judgment. The work starts with an enormous paradox. Determined to allow nothing for the play of imagination, and bent on finding a literal interpretation for every legendary passage, the author insists on assigning a specific locality for Eden. Others have done the same, but no one before, we should suppose, ever dreamt of pitching Paradise upon Lebanon, and there discovering Pison and Gihon, Havilah and Hiddekel, bdellium and the onyx-stone. It may be easily conceived what tortures this remarkable hypothesis inflicts upon the original, and upon a hundred other passages cited in illustration. Almost every chapter of the book embodies some theory equally eccentric.

The appearance of a second edition of the last volume of Ewald's "History of the People of Israel" † affords us an opportunity of noticing Ewald's emphatic condemnation of the Tübingen school in the preface. Writers in France, Holland, and this country often speak as if the extravagances of these critics—especially their notable discovery of the late origin of the Acts—were generally accepted in Germany. It should be known that the reverse is the case. Baur's extreme is not a whit more respectable than Hengstenberg's in the eyes of Ewald.

Dr. von Haneberg's "Religious Antiquities of the Bible" ‡ comprise an exceedingly full and careful account, in the first place, of all temples, tabernacles, sacred vessels and ornaments; and in the second of all liturgical and other religious rites, ceremonies, and observances. The writer professes to have devoted an unusual amount of attention to the traditions, commentaries, and modern practices of Judaism.

Schleicher's "Indo-German Chrestomathy" § carries out the excellent idea of publishing select passages from all the ancient Indo-European languages in the same volume, so as to afford materials for a ready comparison among themselves. The purest texts have been chosen for the purpose; thus, Sanscrit is represented by a passage from the Mahabharata, Zend by one from the Yaçna, Old Persian by the Behistun inscriptions, Umbrian by the Iguvian Tables, and so on. A glossary of each language is added, and a few notes.

Moritz Schmidt's "Lycian Studies" || consist principally of two indexes, in which the words of the inscriptions are respectively classed according to their initials and their terminations. An appendix contains some attempts at the restoration of mutilated inscriptions; and Dr. Pertsch contributes an essay on the bilingual inscription known as "the decree of Pixodarus."

The first instalment of a work of large promise for both theology and Egyptology lies before us in Dr. Ebers' "Egypt and the Books of Moses." ¶ In thus reversing the title of Hengstenberg's work of 1841, he indicates at once that their ways will be diametrically opposite. In speaking of that production, the author deals leniently enough with a theologian of an obsolete school, who could so far give way to his "party stand-point" as to speak of the Egyptians

as "a people who had as little historical sense as the Indians," evidently forgetting not merely the pyramids and temples, teeming with mementos and written tokens intended for the very latest generations of man, but also that other characteristic fact, that their very workmen's tools were covered with hieroglyphics. Yet even if Hengstenberg had been competent to illustrate the Bible from Egyptian monuments, there now lies almost a generation between that first effort and the present attempt; and how great has been the wealth of information since acquired is known even to the uninitiated. The *Papyrus Anastasi I.* gives—to mention but two facts—an account of Canaan and Palestine, then unknown, while the *Leyden Papyrus* speaks of the Hebrews who were carting stones for the city of Ramses at the very time when it was written. Dr. Ebers also, instead of having to believe blindly what Egyptologists told him, is able everywhere to look for himself. The volume before us carries us only as far as Pharaoh's dreams, but the amount of interesting Egyptian material in Genesis, together with the valuable ethnological investigations which the author found it necessary to add, is so prodigious, that we almost wonder that he has been able to bring so much into this one instalment. A linguistic introduction on hieroglyphics and their decyphering is followed by geographical chapters on Egypt and the River Gihon. Next comes the genealogical table in Genesis, the discussion of whose bearings and difficulties alone might fill a volume of its own. The Egyptians, the Hamites, and the sons of Mizraim, are separately treated of in many special divisions and subdivisions. The question of the Caphtorim and the Phœnicians—that people which begins to claim more and more attention every day—together with their indigenous sources of information, is next gone into. Here we first enter upon Egypt as such, its remains, literary and otherwise; and the "Hyksos" brings us finally to the Patriarchs and their surroundings. We would neither subscribe to all our author's conclusions, nor could we conscientiously recommend the book as light and graceful reading. But those who wish to see the latest results of these out-of-the-way studies brought before them by a trustworthy Egyptologist will be glad to turn to this book, the value of which is enhanced by a number of carefully executed illustrations.

The origin of language is an abstruse subject, which loses none of its abstruseness in the hands of Herr Geiger.\* If his views are correct, but at the same time incapable of being presented in a more comprehensible and popular form, it can only be said that this department of truth is not likely to be accessible to many in our generation. When, quitting generalities, he descends to the region of facts, his style becomes sufficiently clear, and his matter entertaining.

Dr. Köstlin † is not obnoxious to the complaint of impenetrable obscurity frequently preferred against æsthetic writers. Nothing can be more simple and decisive than his convictions; he is perfectly satisfied that a handsome face is better than an ugly one, and fully alive to the distinction between an opera and a pantomime. The youth of the University of Tübingen will learn no æsthetic heresies from their teacher; it is another question whether they will learn anything beyond the art of wrapping up commonplaces in pompous verbiage.

"The Gods and Heroes of Greece" ‡, by Otto Seemann, combines Hellenic art with Hellenic mythology, the æsthetic element perhaps preponderating. Both divisions of the subject are lucidly treated, and the accompanying illustrations are numerous and excellent, all the chief museums of Europe having been laid under contribution.

Dr. Naumann's work on Physical Science and Materialism § is directed to prove that the latter derives no support from the former. His *modus operandi* is to choose out a single work as a representative of the materialistic school, and refute it paragraph by paragraph. His choice has fallen upon Büchner's well-known *Kraft und Stoff*. Materialists have been too ready to extol this superficial and arrogant book to have a right to complain of Dr. Naumann's selection, or of the castigation he bestows on a conceited sciolist. For Dr. Naumann's own sake it may be wished that he had chosen a more formidable opponent, or at least that he had profited by his opponent's example of terseness and conciseness. The latter has time and space on his side, and we apprehend they will prove more than a match for all Dr. Naumann's arguments.

Ludwig Nohl's "Sketchbook" || consists of various essays on music, giving a general survey of the present state of musical matters at Munich, now one of the European centres of the art, in virtue of the King of Bavaria's patronage and amateurship. As all the world knows, the royal taste is the reverse of orthodox, which

\* *Von Eden nach Golgotha. Biblisch-geschichtliche Forschungen.* Von Ludwig Noack. Bde. 1, 2. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte des Volkes Israel.* Von Heinrich Ewald. Bd. 7. Göttingen: Dieterich. London: Nutt.

‡ *Die religiösen Alterthümer der Bibel.* Von Dr. D. B. von Haneberg. München: Cotta. London: Nutt.

§ *Indogermanische Chrestomathie.* Bearbeitet von H. Ebel, A. Leskien, J. Schmidt und A. Schleicher. Herausgegeben von A. Schleicher. Weimar: Böhlau. London: Nutt.

|| *Neue Lykische Studien*, von M. Schmidt; und *Das Decret des Pixodarus*, von W. Pertsch. Jena: Mauke. London: Nutt.

¶ *Ägypten und die Bücher Moses.* Von Dr. G. Ebers. Erster Band Mit 59 Holzschnitten.

\* *Ursprung und Entwicklung der menschlichen Sprache und Vernunft.* Von L. Geiger. Bd. 1. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Ästhetik.* Von Dr. Karl Köstlin. Heft 2. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Götter und Heroen Griechenlands. Eine Vorstudie der Kunst-Mythologie.* Von Otto Seemann. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Naturwissenschaften und der Materialismus.* Von Dr. M. E. A. Naumann. Bonn: Cohen & Sohn. London: Nutt.

|| *Neues Skizzenbuch.* Von Ludwig Nohl. München: Merhoff. London: Williams & Norgate.







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